HOULD SCREEN STARS HAVE TRIAL MARRIAGES?

MOVIE WEEKLY

MARCH 3, 1923

TEN CENTS

WALLY REID'S WIDOW WAGES WAR ON DOPE

WHY PAULINE FREDERICK WAS DISINHERITED

Shirley Mason

MOVIE WEEKLY
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Would You Say

That every day in every way "Movie Weekly" is getting better and better? Would you subscribe to the proposition that it is the best fan magazine on the newsstands for good reading, pretty pictures and last minute news on the screen plays and players?

It is because WE think so that we are always eager to let you in on the good things to come—the contents of our next issue, which it is always our constant aim to make one hundred per cent in interest to our readers and which many of our readers inform us we generally succeed in comfortably doing.

In this same spirit of confidence we want to whisper what is coming along in our March 10th issue, and then see if you don't find it inviting. There will be

"What the Censor Thinks Is Naughty," a masterful feature story which will acquaint you with the workings of a Censor's mind and enlighten you as to just what he thinks you should not see.

Also "Studio Lights Account for Hollywood's Dissipation," an interview with Robert Edeson, in which he offers an ingenious explanation of Hollywood's wild life.

Nor Is This All

"How Beauty Can Be a Handicap on the Screen" is another feature story that explains much to the girl fan who aspires to a screen career and thinks that all she needs is a beautiful face. This article shows how a girl who is beautiful can often find her beauty her greatest handicap.

And now isn't this, we ask you, an attractive outline of the good things to come? But it isn't the "half of it." In addition to the foregoing program, there will be ten other stories, articles and interviews, each one of which will strike twelve, we know, with our readers and the things they like.

All of which is simply part of our plan of giving our readers the best possible fan stuff before anyone else does, and this we can do—a month or two months ahead of the monthly magazines.

EVERY THURSDAY!

This Week's Cover

is Shirley Mason, and it is our private opinion that it is a wonder. Shirley is a Fox star, and one of the prettiest girls on the screen. Incidentally, as you probably know, she's Viola Dana's sister.

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THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

BY FULTON OURSLER

You have *heard* of the *Ten Commandments*, but do you *know* what the *Eleventh* is? Then *read* this *powerful editorial* on *Your Morals and Mine.* It sounds a *trumpet note* of *wisdom* on the *subject* of *minding* our own *business*

I HAVE a very beautiful piano in my home. It has given me hours of delight. Over it the beautiful hands of my wife and daughter have strayed evoking from its strings such harmonies and melodies as would make the angels happier, if they could hear them.

One night I got to thinking about the builder of this piano. What sort of a fellow was he? Did he go out on wild parties—did he beat his wife? Was he a libertine, a roue, a debauche?

And then the thought came to me:

What business is it of mine what kind of a man he is?

Enough that he has made a piano that has chastened my bitterness, softened weary hours of anguish, beguiled me when I was lonely, and sweetened my soul with the caresses of its golden tones. It is sufficient for me that this unknown crafstman could produce out of wood and iron, steel wire and felt and ivory, an instrument of living joy. He has done his work well. Surely his private virtues and vices are strictly his own affair, not mine.

Why is not that true of the moving picture business?

If a Wally Reid can charm us, if a Charlie Chaplin can coax a chuckle from our reluctant mood, if a Douglas Fairbanks can thrill us with feats of daring, and a Mary Pickford can touch again the rusted strings of romance in our hearts, have they not done all that we have the right to require of them?

What business is it of ours to condemn any picture star, whatever they may do?

My piano sings to me, and the picture screen beckons me to the distant smiling lands of romance, and mystery, and adventure. I am taken out of myself. I

forget "the cares that infest the day," and steal away silently with these shadowy Arabs of the silver sheet. For their little hour they move across the silent stage, and I with them, forgetting the real world in the unreal world—a child again going down the long dark corridor with Alice on our way through Wonderland.

When I come out of the theatre, does it matter to me if the phantoms that I have watched were at heart as wicked as Nero? Does it concern me that the women who have thus beguiled my wayward fancy are not members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First M. E. Church, South. How am I concerned if the young man who was the hero of the picture is not a member of the Baraca Bible Class or of the Y. M. C. A.? Should I care a kopeck? Believe me, I do not. I am satisfied with my piano, regardless of what manner of man fashioned it. I enjoy my pictures, and I care not a farthing, no, not the shadow of a farthing, whether the women in the picture were good or bad, or what kind of men made love to them.

It is their business, not mine.

There is an eleventh commandment, not in the Scriptures, which reads: "Mind your own business."

It seems to me that the muck-raking, half-witted, low-class morons of reformers, who are condemning and slandering the private life of shining stars would have a monumental task upon their hands, which they could not finish in eternity, if they would obey the eleventh commandment and mind their own business. It is the most neglected command in all philosophy.

They can do what they please in Hollywood, so far as I am concerned, if they will give me pictures that I like. I want to mind my own business. TonightI shall ask my daughter to play the piano. I shall listen to her music, and what shall I care of the sins of the man who made the instrument? Tomorrow when I go to the movies, I shall enjoy the pictures, which is minding my own business, and not once shall my mind be troubled with the morals of the people who entertain me. That is their business, and, so far as I am concerned, they can attend to it.

Wallace Reid's widow

Beautiful wife of *screen star* who recently died a *victim* of the *drug habit* proposes to bend every energy *to stamp out* national menace

By
T. Howard Kelly

MOVIE WEEKLY is in a position today to reveal that the dope evil presents a menacing problem to every sincere fan and patron of the silver screen; not because it bids fair to destroy Hollywood and picture stars, but because the drug habit, like a leering snake, coiling in the jungle gloom of Ignorance, is threatening to strike at our own front doors. The dope curse is abroad on Main Street. It must be faced and fought, and the movies are being looked to as the force with which to crush its hissing head.

More than three million inhabitants of the United States are helpless victims of that lonely, tragic vice which stripped poor Wally Reid of his mental and bodily vigor; swept away the most beautiful promises of his life; and finally left him, drawn and pale, to die upon a narrow hospital cot, because he was brave enough to go on location forever, rather than satisfy his frenzied craving for another pinch of the fatal white powders.

This is a staggering statement to make. One that will make all right-minded, normal people shut their eyes in fear and shiver with apprehension. Unfortunately, it is neither an exaggeration nor a sensational guess. The latest official government statistics show that we have such a startlingly large proportion of dope users in this country.

"Movie Weekly" has learned from an exclusive source of information that the growing menace of the dope habit is due to the fact that no effective means to check the spread of this soul-and-body poison have been discovered. Federal anti-narcotic laws have proved powerless to stamp out the evil. Filthy gold has been used to buy protection for the damnable traffic in morphine, cocaine, and heroin. The police accept bribes with a knowing wink, forgetful, or callous to the fact that their own corruptness is leading to the wholesale corruption of priceless human lives. Druggists and doctors, who should be foremost in the crusade against this new white plague, have been caught prescribing and selling dope because they make fifty and a hundred per cent profit out of this hellish product.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, wife of the late screen idol, who died a victim of drug addiction in a *Los Angeles* sanitarium.

MANY books have been printed as warnings against the use of narcotics. Sincere men have lectured against the fateful habit that has its human victim beaten before he starts. Philanthropists have given their time and money in an effort to save men and women from the fangs of the monster that is capable of stinging the flesh and brain of a normal, healthy person into a madness that can only end in a frantic, frothing death.

After looking at the foreboding figures which statistics give as the number of regular dope users in our country today, it is obvious that all of our past efforts to eliminate the drug vice have been in vain. It was this obvious and tragic conclusion that prompted "Movie Weekly" to investigate the idea advanced by Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, widow of the much-lamented Wally, that an anti-dope motion picture might arouse the public to launch a merciless war against the traffic in narcotics.

Fans will be very glad to know, I am sure, that a group of the most prominent anti-dope experts in the United States has admitted to "Movie Weekly" that the silent drama is the last and only known practical means with which to combat the insidious spread of a habit that may eventually undermine the virility of all mankind.

"On account of its tremendous popular appeal, and its ability to portray in a vivid manner all of the tragedy and the horror that attends dope-taking, the motion picture is the only bulwark left between this menace and health . . . The ravages of dope, depicted in pictorial form, would force the public into solid fighting ranks against the serpentine evil," declared a doctor, who has promised Mrs. Reid to lend her all of his aid in the filming of an anti-dope picture.

According to her plans, Mrs. Reid will play a role from her own tragic life in this proposed photoplay. Surely no one is better equipped to enact the character of a drug addict's wife than she. For many months past she lived under the same roof with the demon that makes men sell their souls for a sniff of the destructive stimulant.

She saw Wally gradually fade from the fine,

wages WAR on DOPE

manly chap, whose smile once created happiness for millions, to the shadow-haunted derelict whose fingers trembled, and whose soul quaked when his body cried out for dope. She saw his eyes lose their brightness; she saw a strained look come into his handsome face; she must have felt the hand of the demon that clutched her husband, clutching at her own heart.

Today, as she goes about bravely talking her plans over with Thomas H. Ince, who is going to produce the picture, and C. Gardner Sullivan, who is already creating the story and scenario, Mrs. Reid is buoyed up by one consolation. It is a poor one in comparison to the great loss she and the film world share together in the untimely death of her Wally. But, after all, it is something to warm her heart when the coldest and loneliest moments come.

MRS. REID knows that Wally did not die in vain.

Such is her greatest consolation in the poignant memory of his death. For it was the death of this universally loved screen star that has aroused the entire country to a recognition of the menace of dope. It was his tragic fate to die so that the silver sheet he served so faithfully might rise up in its might and slay the monster leech that sucked from him all that is precious in life.

***Thomas H. Ince,* veteran screen producer, under whose auspices *Mrs. Reid's* anti-narcotic picture will be made.**

***Dorothy* and *Wallace Reid* in their *Beverly Hills* home a year before the popular screen star's untimely end.**

Before Wally Reid's death from the ravages of narcotics, most people in this country were contented to mention "dope" with a shrug of their shoulders. To the great majority it was something to read about, casually in the newspapers; something that gave the custom officials occasional trouble; something that was terrible and repulsive; but, after all, something that did not concern them collectively, or individually.

When dope fastened its merciless claws into the clean young body of Reid and dragged him down into the ghostly shadows of a brave losing fight, the great American public suddenly felt that the menace of dope had struck home. Wally Reid was like a personal friend to millions. I heard many men and women remark that his death made them feel as if they had lost a pal.

His death was a staggering shock to many followers of the films when they remembered that only a few years ago Reid had played the part of a stalwart young blacksmith in the "big fight scene" of Griffith's masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation." He was then the embodiment of rugged Americanism. I shall never forget how he threw men around in that scene, as if they were only scraps of paper.

YOU CAN readily realize what a reaction came to people who remembered his blacksmith's role when they read of his crossing the Great Divide as the victim of drugs. People said to themselves with sudden alarm in their voices:

"If dope is such an insidious evil as to eat away the brain and body of a giant like Wallace Reid . . . to reduce him to a helpless human wreck . . . then it may get me, someone in my family, or my neighbors!"

And, for these very reasons, we may in all truth say that Reid died a martyr's death, for his going has awakened us to the terrible truth that there are three million dope users living in our midst; that in spite of all the laws passed to regulate its

(*Continued on page* 28)

Mother Love — in The Movies

"And what did Jack the giant killer do next?" asks the kiddie on *Leatrice Joy's* lap, who is deep in the pages of the picture book.

The baby in *Betty Compson's* arms has learned to "pat-a-cake," and she's showing the world—and the camera—how to do it.

"Now, look at the birdie," says *Marie Prevost* to the baby, and you can see that the baby knows just what her movie mamma is telling her to do.

"Oh, look," says *Dorothy Dalton* to the baby in her arms, but the baby has his own idea of where to look.

Lois Wilson's right at home when it comes to telling stories to children—she used to be a school teacher.

Gloria makes sure that the youngster in the picture is really as much asleep as he looks and isn't playing possum.

SCREEN YEARNS FOR PLAIN WOMEN, SAYS MOVIE CHIEF

Patsy Ruth Miller, another screen favorite, whose beauty has done much to create her screen popularity.

Virginia Brown Faire, whose dark, rich beauty did much to make *"Omar the Tent-maker,"* a success.

Richard A. Rowland, general manager of *First National,* declares that the *day of* the *homely girl* in the films *has just* about *dawned.*

By Gladys Hall

RICHARD ROWLAND is the general manager of the Associated First National Pictures.

It is a big job. With a big salary. Previously, Mr. Rowland has been many other important things. Organizer and president of the Metro Company, notably. He is a theatre man and an exhibitor. He is, in brief, what might be called in film dialect, "in the know." And he says—he says—that the screen is fed up with beautiful women; that it actually yearns for homely girls.

Mr. Rowland is the first man who ever gave utterance to such a statement, either on behalf of the screen or on any other behalf.

Heretofore no one has wanted homely girls. No one has even *thought* about them—when it could be helped. Certainly no one has ever yearned for them, or cried for them, both of which amorous conditions Mr. Rowland ascribes to the silver sheet.

We had heard of Mr. Rowland's super-extraordinary prayer.

We buzzed amongst ourselves in the Editorial. "Is he in earnest?" we made murmur. "Does he mean it, or is he merely, and we'll add successfully, being humorous?"

The thing to do was to find out.

"You ought to get a good joshing article from him," said one Knight of the Blue Pencil.

"Of course, he *may* be serious," said another—an optimist.

Mr. Rowland greeted us affably. We took heart of grace. We felt that before we left we might find ourself signed up for some "bit," as an odalisque or something.

We quoted his own words back to him, not verbatim, perhaps, but in part. "The screen yearns for homely girls," we reminded him. "What did you mean by saying such a thing? That is the question."

"I meant what I said," maintained Mr. Rowland. "The screen is sick of 'beauties.' Fed up on them.

"Beauties can't 'troop.' By which I mean that they can't *act.* They resent having to wear unbecoming clothes. They resent doing character parts. They are afraid to smile for fear they'll crack their faces. They never break out in regular, honest-to-God laughter. It might not be becoming.

"They are rigid. They are wooden. They are movie mechanisms.

"They are the robots of beauty.

THERE was a time when for a man to say 'I've found a new beauty' was to gain him immediate and open sesame to any producer. Now you have to come across with more than a pretty face. Much more.

"The screen wants homely girls.

"*Regular* girls.

"We don't care whether they're sixteen or thirty. We don't care whether they're blonde or brunette. To hell with the cupid bow mouths and the corn-cob curls. We want action. We want pep. We want personality. We want LIFE."

We interrupted him with, "But what *is* personality? No man has been able to define it."

"*I* can," said the virile general manager. "I just have . . . it is action . . . it is pep . . . it is LIFE. And personality dwells most frequently where golden curls and classic smiles are *not.*

"If the two can be combined, so much the better, of course. I do not mean that beauty is taboo. Far from it! Beauty will always have its place. But if it comes to a choice between a beautiful girl who

(*Continued on page* 28)

(At Top of Page, in Centre):
"Beauties," said *Mr. Rowland,* "resent having to wear unbecoming clothes. They are afraid to smile for fear they'll crack their faces. They are rigid, they are wooden . . . The screen wants homely girls."

(Above):
***Katherine MacDonald,* considered by many to be one of the most beautiful girls on the screen.**

Tropic Love Blooms in "THE BRIGHT SHAWL"

Dorothy Gish **gives a colorful perfomance as** *La Clavel,* **the Spanish dancer.**

Richard Barthelmess **in a characteristic moment from** *"The Bright Shawl."*

New picture starring *Richard Barthelmess,* a story of *love and political* intrigue in *Cuba*

By Floyd Parker

WILL it be another "Tol'able David?"

That is the question which is uppermost in the minds of all those fans who enjoy the splendid screen portrayals of Dick Barthelmess.

To an observer who has followed the production of Joseph Hergesheimer's story of the Cuban struggle for independence, it seems not at all improbable that "The Bright Shawl" will surpass the other Hergesheimer tale of life in the West Virginian mountain country.

Here are the delectable morsels being prepared for you in the Tilford studio and on locations scattered all the way from New York to Havana:

Dick Barthelmess at his best, his glossy black hair grown long, curling about his neck, dressed in the style of 1850, costumed perfectly, so handsome that women's hearts stop beating when they look at him.

Dorothy Gish, casting aside for the moment her roguish mannerism, and emerging, with dark wig, mantilla, shawl and fascinatingly beautiful gowns, as the vampiest of Spanish vamps.

Anders Randolf as a ferocious Spanish villain.

William H. Powell as a dapper, sleek villain.

Beautiful women, handsome men and——

The art of John S. Robertson, creator of "Sentimental Tommy," "Peter Ibbetson," and other classics of the screen, combined with the settings of Everett Shinn, who stands close to the top of the list of American artists.

***Charles Abbott* (*Richard Barthelmess*) makes love to *La Clavel* (*Dorothy Gish*) a Spanish dancer.**

First a glimpse at the story, then something of its production:

"The Bright Shawl" is a symbol. It is a gorgeous, many-colored shawl worn by La Clavel, a Spanish dancer, who came to Cuba in the 1850's, to dance. At that time the Spanish held Cuba and they were striving to wipe out not only the Cuban revolutionary army, but the youthful Cuban lovers of freedom in Havana.

To this ferment of political activity comes Charles Abbott (Dick Barthelmess) an American, who has been sent to Cuba by his father to regain his health. Abbott is interested by the city, but, as he sits in the patio of a large cafe, he is attracted toward a group of young men near him, and, as he has met the father of one of these youths, he presents himself to them. They are all revolutionaries, but their lips are sealed in public because of the oppressive measures of the Spanish.

Abbott enters the home of these people. He is attracted but mildly by Narcisa, but he does not understand the extremes to which these Cubans will go for the sake of liberty, until one evening, in a cafe, he witnesses an attack by one of his friends on Captain Santacilla, head of the Spanish garrison in Havana. The young Cuban is choked to death by a Spaniard before his very eyes.

Meantime these youths, equally in love with love, passion, adventure, are all attracted by a beautiful Spanish dancer, La Clavel (Dorothy Gish), a woman of the world, a woman who symbolizes by the vulgarity of her dance, the rich colors of her shawl, the soul of Cuban freedom. The shawl symbolizes the hearts of these young men. It is their true flag, love, passion, adventure. And La Clavel is sought by Santacilla; she is privy to the activities of the Spaniards. If they can win her, they will be able to spy upon the movements of their enemies.

Abbott volunteers to meet her, to attempt to win her. He finds her daring, vulgar, extreme; he feels no physical attraction from her, while she is amused, yet slightly stirred by his obvious attempt to win her to the side of the revolution. For the sake of the gesture, for the fun of it, she agrees to his proposal. She will act as a spy, but he, in order to avoid death at the hands of the Spaniards, must appear to be foolishly in love with her, he must shower her with gifts, talk everywhere of her, visit his friends only in secret.

Spanish spies discover Abbott's attempts to win over La Clavel. The cruel Santacilla himself corners Abbott and the dancer in her room. He taunts them, tells them that he only has to blow a whistle and they will both be arrested. But La Clavel, her dead heart stirred by the passionate self-sacrifice of these boys, springs upon the Spaniard, tears the whistle from him. In a thrilling fight, Abbott kills Santacilla, but not before he has ripped the skin from the beautiful face of La Clavel and has crushed her breath out. (*Continued on page 31*)

What Screen Fame Means To Me

As related to
Alma M. Talley

If *you* want to *know how* it feels *to be* a screen *star after* years of *hard work,* then *read this*

"HARD work"—that's what screen fame means to Marion Davies! The most wearying, nerve-wracking kind of hard work.

She had just finished a day of work like that on the set of "Little Old New York," in the Twenty-third Regiment Armory, in Brooklyn, when I saw her in her dressing room, in a little fluffy pink silk negligee.

Yes, Marion's hair is just as blonde as it appears on the screen—exceptionally blonde, in fact, of a decided golden hue. And just at present, it is cut very short, in one of those straight bobs which only girls who are very, very good-looking can get away with! She has to wear her hair this way for her make-up in "Little Old New York," in the role of a girl who impersonates a boy. And wait until you see her on the screen in that picture, with her short hair, and wearing trousers!

"Just what does screen fame mean to you?" was the question I asked her.

"Hard work," said Marion, with a smile. She has quite a radiant smile, and the prettiest mouth, one of the kind that fascinates you as you watch her talk. "It's the hardest work in the world. I get up about eight in the morning, snatch a hasty breakfast, and get clear over here to Brooklyn by nine. I make-up on the way over. And then often I work until seven or eight at night."

"And I suppose it's awfully tiring, standing around for hours as they do in every picture studio," I suggested.

"That's the worst part of all," she answered. And I could easily believe it. For if all the time consumed in standing around in a motion picture set were laid end to end, and all that sort of thing, in true statistical fashion, it would—well, heaven knows what would happen to it, but, anyway, I'd hate to have to kill it all! For it takes hours of painstaking care and work to get lights adjusted before a scene is shot in a picture.

"Well, besides hard work, what does your screen fame mean?"

"It means a lot of suffering," Marion said. "I mean, for instance, such things as Kleig eyes. I walked the floor all night last night, with my eyes nearly driving me crazy. Can you imagine your eyes feeling just as if sand paper had been rubbed over them? And somehow, they always seem to burn you at night, when you're trying to sleep. I got almost no sleep."

SO THINK of that, girls, when you're ready to give up your perfectly good job selling hosiery or typing letters. The chances are you don't work half as hard as a screen star!

As to its advantages:

"Well, then," I said to Miss Davies, "if screen work is so hard and annoying, why do you go on with your screen career? What are its advantages?"

"In the first place," said Marion, "there's the matter of salary. I don't know of any other profession a girl can take up where she can make so much money."

"I should say not!" I answered emphatically, thinking of the size of a writer's weekly pay envelope. "But how about the glamor of being famous? Doesn't that thrill you?"

"No, I can't say that it does," she admitted surprisingly. Now haven't you been imagining all this time that the stars survey their fan mail ecstatically as they sit down to their grape-fruit, and say to themselves, "Oh, isn't it wonderful to be famous?" Well, it isn't so—at least, not always.

"But isn't it fun to get hundreds of letters from all over, full of admiration, doesn't that please your vanity, or haven't you any?" I insisted.

"No," Marion stuck to her guns, "I don't think that's particularly exciting."

"And how about your urge to do something bigger and finer, and so on?" I asked, quoting Merton. Merton, by the way, is very much quoted in movie circles! "When you're making a picture, doesn't it give you a feeling of satisfaction to know that you're creating something?" (*Continued on page* 31)

"I used to get terribly discouraged," said *Miss Davies,* "when I worked hard on a picture and then saw what some of the critics said about me."

***Marion Davies* in a scene from *"When Knighthood Was in Flower,"* a recent and popular picture**

SHOULD SCREEN IN TRIAL

Co-stars of new *"Salome"* give their views on *matrimony* in relation to a *screen career*---Instability of *movie life* a menace to *marriage*

As related to Alma M. Talley

By Vincent Coleman

"Long separations," said *Mr. Coleman*, "contribute to the impermanence of marriage in the theatrical profession. Loneliness makes one seek consolation."

***Vincent Coleman*, popular screen star.**

WELL, of course, screen stars shouldn't indulge in trial marriages," was Vincent Coleman's answer to that question, "but they do, and I don't know what can be done about it."

Vincent was a good man to ask a question like that, because there was no reason why it should embarrass him. He married Margery Grant last year and they are living happily ever after. Whereas there are screen stars—though far be it from me to whisper a breath of scandal against any of them—to whom one would scarcely have the nerve to put that question. The atmosphere would promptly get entirely too icy for comfort!

But the Vincent Colemans are different. They have a house in Rockville Center, Long Island, and they see to it that they aren't separated for very long. Vincent plays only in pictures made in the east, and Mrs. Vincent, who is now playing in a musical comedy in Philadelphia, comes home for week-ends. For long separations have a bad effect on matrimony!

"That's about all many screen marriages amount to," admitted Vincent, "legalized trial marriages."

"And what do you think is the reason for that?" I asked him, "why is marriage so much more unstable in screen circles than in other professions?"

He thought a moment. "I should think the chief factor in such temporary marriages," he decided finally, "is that in Hollywood, where most of the screen divorces occur, there is no place to go except to one another's houses. There have to be a great number of parties, because there is no other form of amusement, except for the movies. Consequently men and women are constantly thrown with their friends' husbands and wives."

BUT," I argued, "the same thing is true of any small town. The people who live there have nowhere to go at night but to the movies or to one another's houses."

"That's true," admitted Vincent with a smile—and, by the way, he has the most pronounced Cupid's bow mouth I ever saw; it almost forms a triangle. Certainly most any girl would envy him for it—"but the difference is that most of the screen colony have lived in New York and have been used to going out a great deal at night. And screen work is so hard that they need relaxation at night. So they have more parties than in most small towns."

"And also," I added, looking him squarely in his blue eyes, "screen people are naturally more universally attractive, or they couldn't be screen people. Consequently a Hollywood party would consist almost altogether of attractive people; there wouldn't, for instance, be any women who had let themselves get frumpy and slipshod. So there'd be more occasion for falling in love with someone else's wife."

YES," he agreed, "that undoubtedly would have a great deal to do with the situation. And then, unfortunately, there is always the element in screen circles of men or women who have become famous overnight, and whose heads get much too big for their hats. They suddenly feel themselves too good for the husband or wife who has struggled with them through years of poverty and, along with their new fame, they want to make a more spectacular marriage.

"Of course," he added, loyally, "that isn't the rule among screen people. Most of us have to work so hard for recognition, and fame comes so very gradually that it doesn't have a chance to bowl one over. Rodolph Valentino is a striking example. He had worked so hard and long for his fame that it finally came to him very easily and naturally. I knew him in the old days when he was quite obscure, and I understand he hasn't changed

(*Continued on page* 31)

STARS INDULGE MARRIAGES ?

As related to
Lewis F. Levenson

By Diana Allen

NOT FOR ME! Oh, no!" Meaning that Diana Allen disagrees with the most modern young folk who are preaching table d'hote marriage, table d'hote in that if you don't like the soup you can try the fish and if you don't like the fish you may care for the roast.

Diana Allen and *Vincent Coleman* in a scene from the *Malcolm Strauss* production of *"Salome."*

"When I get married," declared *Miss Allen* quite emphatically, "it isn't going to be a trial marriage. Oh, no! Not for me!"

"When I get married—mind you, not when I am going to get married, for thus far I don't know if I ever shall—when I get married, it isn't going to be a trial marriage. Oh, no! Not for me!"

The natural question following such a statement is "Why not?" So I asked Miss Allen, "Why not?"

"First of all, because I don't think New York men are marrying men, and secondly because I don't think moving picture actresses are marrying women. When I marry, it will be because I have retired from the screen and want to live off somewhere in a cottage for two."

Let me acquaint you with Miss Allen. You have probably seen her in one of the many films she played in: "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford," "The Virginians," and half a dozen other Famous Players and Cosmopolitan pictures. She is a perfect blonde beauty, petite, doll-like, with eyes of heavenly blue and hair of sheer gold. Such a creature must necessarily have to give thought to marriage once in a while for is it not said that beauty is a prize which all men seek?

Miss Allen shook her sheer golden head at me.

"Trial marriage would be an impossibility for me. I am just young enough"—and I assure you that Miss Allen is just young enough—"to have illusions. And one of my illusions is that there is such a thing as love, and that when you get it, it isn't like the chicken pox. You don't get rid of it in nine days. It sticks, stays in your blood and keeps on staying there until, as the preacher says, 'Death do ye part.'"

IT IS A nice thing to have illusions, as Miss Allen will tell you as she continues to elaborate her ideas about marrying for a while and then giving up if you don't like it.

"You may think it strange, but I'm decidedly old-fashioned in my opinions about marriage. Perhaps I haven't been caught yet, but the truth is that marriage for a motion picture actress is a more serious problem than to the average woman. It means that when—if ever—the day comes when I must make up my mind, I must ask myself questions which apply only to girls like myself, who are trying to carve a screen career for themselves.

"Shall I give up my career? How shall I mix married life and my work, if I do not give up my career? And will the man I love be willing to concede anything to my career and my work?

"So you see, believing as I do that marriage should be enduring, it is far from the easiest thing in the world for me or any other actress who feels as I do to decide what to do. But, why worry about it now? I haven't any intention of marrying at the moment or in the near future."

Which brought our conversation back to Miss Allen herself.

(*Continued on page* 31)

Penniless at 21 Movie Magnate at 25

Remarkable career of *Al Lichtman*, motion picture *producer*, who was *associated with* famous *stars* of pictures *during infancy* of *film business*

By Lawrence Langdon

BROKE at 21.
Sales manager of Famous Players at 23.
Founder of the "star system" at 25.

No, dear reader, this is not an Alger story. It is true to life, true to the life of Al Lichtman, now 34, and the head of his own film corporation, Attractions Distributing Corp., producers of "Shadows," "The Hero," "Rich Men's Wives," "Poor Men's Wives," and other successful films of the current year.

Al Lichtman today is still one of the youngest, if not the very youngest, executives in the motion picture business. Youthful, alert, he has a story to relate which is fully as fascinating as that of any motion picture star, the story of an orphan immigrant boy who fought his way up from poverty to success, utilizing the movies as his weapon.

As he sits opposite you, telling you his story in his luxurious private office, it is difficult to realize that he is one of the pioneers of the great motion picture industry, that he has participated in most of the struggles which resulted in the development of pictures to their present position as an art, an amusement and a business.

"I was nine years old," he narrates, "when I arrived in the United States from Hungary with my parents. My father and mother both died before I had an opportunity to obtain an education, and I was forced to look out for myself. I got a job as water boy in Tony Pastor's old vaudeville house in New York, and later various odd jobs around theatres, finally winding up as an actor in a musical comedy.

"When I was 19, I decided I wanted the life of an adventurer, so I enlisted in the army. I was stationed as a recruiting officer in Nebraska City, Nebraska. The first day of my arrival there I obtained two recruits, but for months afterward not a soul entered the office. I got sick and tired of the monotony and when I received a furlough I decided to try to get a job and buy my discharge from the army.

"So I borrowed $30 from a hotel keeper friend, put on a suit of civilian clothes and went to Chicago. There I looked for a job, but couldn't find one. My money was nearly gone, when, one day, I saw a sign: 'Wanted, a man to represent a Chicago moving picture firm in New York.'

NEW YORK was my goal, so I applied for the job. The concern turned out to be the Exhibitors' Advertising Company, owned by Charles Pyle and his wife, Martha Russell, famous as an actress for the old Essanay Company. They made lobby displays and cards for theatres, signs announcing: 'Western Today' or 'John Bunny Picture.'

"But when I applied for the job I was told the position had been filled. I had no other possibilities in view, so every day, for a week, I returned, to find out if I couldn't get something. At last Miss Russell remarked to her husband that I was certainly trying hard to get a job and that he ought to give me a trial. He hired me as a salesman in Chicago, giving me a $2.00 commission on every sale I made. I was so delighted that although I had to hunt all over Chicago for movie theatres, I made $40 in commissions the first day.

"Pyle was pleased with my work, and when I had canvassed all of Chicago, he decided to give me a trial in New York. There I established connections with the producers of that day and, at night, sold the lobby cards to the theatres. Mean-

(*Continued on page* 27)

Al Lichtman, who started in the movies with nothing. He is now a *millionaire*.

Edith Roberts, screen beauty, who appeared in *'Thorns and Orange Blossoms,"* a *Lichtman* production.

Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and *Al Lichtman* in the days of the old *Artcraft* company, of which *Mr. Lichtman* was president.

Step-Mother's Ghost Cheats Actress of Inheritance

Pauline Frederick, famous *screen* and *stage star*, who was *left out* of her *father's will* owing to *old animosity*.

By Frederick Parker Perkins

THE ghost of Pauline Frederick's dead step-mother guided the hand of the well-known screen star's dying father, Richard O. Libby, of Norwich, Conn., when he wrote into his last will and testament: "I give and devise to my daughter, Pauline Beatrice Rutherford, nothing, and I mention this omission to show that the same is intentional and not by mistake."

"My step-mother died before my father did," declared *Miss Frederick*, "but the dislike she had for me did not die with her."

Such, at least, is the opinion of Miss Frederick, herself, who says that she lost her father's $30,000 fortune because of a feud between herself and the woman who, as a second wife, took her real mother's place at her father's side. "My step mother died before my father did," Miss Frederick declares, "but the dislike she had for me did not die with her. My father brooded over it until it was reborn in him, and it was really the dead woman's implacable enmity which wrote that bitter paragraph into the will. In his own heart my father always loved me."

***Pauline Frederick* in an intensely dramatic role, for which she is famous. All of her divine fire was directed at the reporters when she learned of her father's will.**

Miss Frederick is by no means ready to admit that she won't get the $30,000 after all. The Norwich court has within a month upheld Mr. Libby's will, but the disinherited daughter says she means to fight for a share of her father's fortune in spite of ghosts and courts alike. She is preparing to appeal the present jury decision.

IT WAS in her dressing room at the theatre that Miss Frederick told the interviewer from "Movie Weekly" just how "that hateful will" came to be made. Still in her stage costume of low cut white silk, the star was most delightfully easy to look at. It was with an effort and a wrench that Pauline's caller got his mind back to the business of the interview in time to contribute a tardy "Yes, oh yes, certainly," to the conversation.

Pauline was starting her story at the beginning, and was telling of the days when she was a Boston school girl, nursing theatrical ambitions at the expense of her daily geography lesson. Those were the times when she was acquiring local fame by breaking her mother's umbrellas over the heads of small boys who had the effrontery to address her by her playground nickname, "Stuffy Legs."

"How I hated that name!" mused Miss Frederick reminiscently. "I don't think my legs were really fat at all, but I was very sensitive about them. There weren't very many boys in my class that were big enough to dare tease me about them. She stole a reassuring glance at her slim silk ankles and her caller guiltily took his eyes away.

Neither of Pauline's parents were in favor of her stage career, she says. Her mother was particularly disappointed that she did not try to make something of her voice, which she had commenced to train at the Boston Conservatory of Music. Her father was opposed to careers of any sort for his daughter, and had a prosaic habit of hunting up jobs for her in offices and business houses. Pauline never took any of these situations, but she says she had a hard time dodging them.

Her father's resentment at her choice of a profession caused a family coolness for some time, according to Pauline, but she says he finally came to be reconciled to her career. He used to keep a reserved seat at a Norwich theatre in later years, and would always view his daughter's latest film productions at least two or three times. Then he would tell his neighbors: "That's my girl, Pauline," and would explain in detail the excellence of her acting.

Answering the riddle of why Pauline was disinherited has become the favorite guessing game of Boston and Norwich. Old friends of the family have stuck to the opinion that Miss Frederick's many-chaptered matrimonial history had much to do with the split between herself and her father.

The star's full name would be Pauline Beatrice Libby Andrews Mack Rutherford Frederick. Andrews, who first escorted her to the altar, was a millionaire architect, seven days divorced from his first wife. He lasted, four years as Pauline's husband before she divorced him in 1913. In 1917, Pauline married Willard Mack, the playwright,

(*Continued on page* 28)

"The World's Applause"

A gripping moment in *"Nobody's Money"*—with *Charles Clary* gripping *Wanda Hawley's* hand.

Bebe Daniels in an *picture --- Lewis* work in *"The Dan-* pictures as seen

This is a scene in *"Poor Men's Wives,"* just after *Richard Tucker* has slipped the slipper from *Barbara La Marr's* foot.

"THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE"

Bebe Daniels as a Frivolous Actress

This picture presents a rather new idea and carries a lesson that many people could profit by—the difference between fame and notoriety.

Bebe Daniels plays a famous actress who constantly craves the limelight. She gets herself talked about, without having common sense enough to realize that it's better not to be mentioned at all than to be talked of unfavorably. A famous artist paints her as an opportunity to make love to her. His wife, in a jealous quarrel, slashes the painting of her, and in the struggle accidentally stabs her husband as well. Then it is, when her name is smeared over the front pages of the newspapers, that the foolish little actress learns the difference between fame and notoriety.

Bebe Daniels has long since proved her ability as an emotional actress, and Lewis Stone heads the cast with her, as the man who is blamed for the murder because of his love for her. Adolphe Menjou is the artist and Kathlyn Williams is his wife. With a roster of names like that in the cast and with William De Mille as director, the picture needs no further recommendation. It is exceptionally good.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"THE DANGEROUS AGE"

A Man of Forty in Quest of Romance

Lewis Stone has the leading role in this picture, which in itself almost guarantees that the picture is good. Lewis Stone makes his characterizations walk right out of the screen and become real people.

In this picture, he plays a man of forty, whose wife has let herself get middle-aged, while he still feels youthful and romantic. She refuses to go to New York with him on a second honeymoon, because she won't neglect the spring housecleaning. Consequently he goes alone in a romantic mood and immediately falls for a young miss. He even writes to his wife, asking for his freedom, and then learns that the young girl had never thought of taking him seriously "because he was too old." His race to beat the letter home is intensely dramatic.

Cleo Madison makes the dowdy wife as appealing as possible, and Edith Roberts is quite adorable as the daughter of the household. Ruth Clifford plays the other young woman.

"The Dangerous Age" has the advantage of a very human theme, and one that has not been overworked enough to have lost its freshness.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"POOR MEN'S WIVES"

Another of Those Poor Wife—Rich Wife Pictures

A sub-title refers to this picture as "a page from the book of life," so perhaps that is why it is so thoroughly unoriginal in theme. Life is like that.

It is the story of two chums, one of whom marries for money, while the other marries a poor man for love. One of them is just about as unhappy as the other, so there's not much choice between them. It seems rather stretching a point that a thrifty taxi driver should have to keep his wife and children in the slums, but everything that happens to the poor wife is just a little overdone—for instance, her expected baby turns out to be two instead of one.

Portrays Woman's Vanity

exceptionally *good* *Stone* does good *gerous Age*"--Other

By Ruth Mabrey

It's a serious moment in *"The World's Applause,"* for *Kathlyn Williams and Lewis Stone. Kathlyn,* in the picture, has just killed her husband!

"The Dangerous Age" in the picture is the age of forty, but after looking at *Edith Roberts,* we'll say that forty isn't the only dangerous age.

There is the old bit of plot wherein the poor wife goes to a ball in expensive clothes sent "on approval," and of course you know at once that something will happen to ruin the gown. The book of life, as seen on the screen, has never permitted a woman to return her borrowed finery in good shape.

In spite of the triteness of the theme, however, Director Louis Gasnier has made an extremely entertaining picture of "Poor Men's Wives."

It is a finished production, made to seem very human because of the good work of both cast and director. David Butler is worthy of especial mention as the poor taxi driver. Barbara La Marr plays his wife, with rather a tendency to overact. Besides, she is at her best with a background of gorgeous gowns, which she does not, of course, have in this picture. Betty Francisco and Richard Tucker play the wealthy couple very well.

There is a fashion show in the picture which will appeal to most fans, as will the theme itself. For while it is like dozens of other pictures, this story is probably of sufficient human interest to stand the repetition it gets.

"NOBODY'S MONEY"

Jack Holt in a Mediocre Light Comedy

This is one of those light comedies with a very ingenious plot—so ingenious, in fact, that if one of the cogs should slip a little, the whole story would fall apart. It is, of course, cleverly contrived, and extremely artificial. However, no one expects a farce comedy to be an excerpt from life, and there is nothing to prevent one's enjoying the humor in this story.

Jack Holt, as a book agent, comes to the home of two young journalists who happen to be in a jam. They have been writing stories under the name of Douglas Roberts because of contract complications, and now they have to produce Douglas Roberts for the income tax collector. The book agent is hired to impersonate him, and then the fun begins!

Wanda Hawley plays opposite the star, as the governor's daughter, and the two young writers are played by Walter McGrail and Robert Schable. Harry Depp has an amusing role as the book agent's "side kick."

"THE FIRST DEGREE"

An Unusually Good Frank Mayo Picture

The plot of this picture is similar to a dozen or so others, but it is put together in such a novel way that the story impresses you as being quite original. George Pattulo is its author.

Frank Mayo, as Sam Purdy, is summoned to appear before a grand jury. He is wanted merely as a witness in a sheep-stealing case, but he thinks the grand jury has summoned him because he killed a man, and he tells them the whole story, including his past history. This is shown on the screen as the main part of the picture; the life story in itself is not particularly unusual—the tale of a man who was imprisoned for a crime he didn't commit, and blackmailed for years afterward. The feature that makes this photoplay different from others is the fact that all this is told to a group of men, and we see the effect on them and on the narrator.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MADGE KENNEDY

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Will Fur Fly When Two Mrs. Valentinos Meet?

Natacha Rambova, the present Mrs. Valentino, who has gone into vaudeville.

Rodolph Valentino as he appeared in *"Blood and Sand,"* one of his most recent pictures.

Jean Acker, Mrs. Rodolph Valentino the first, who has also entered the two-a-day

Former spouse and *present wife* of popular *screen star* are *scheduled* to appear on *same vaudeville bill*

By Thomas Tarrington

A SMART vaudeville agent tells me he is conspiring to present Rodolph's first and second wives on the same bill. His statement is interesting, even if he is never able to execute the idea. Perhaps it will not be necessary for him to do so. As both Natacha Rambova and Jean Acker are doing a tour in vaudeville now, Fate may take a hand and bring them together . . . This story is by way of prophecy as to what will happen if they do come face to face.

Of course, before bursting into print with my speculations, I would like to set down a few preliminaries, as it were, to my predictions. You fans who have been to prize-fights, may at once misconstrue the word "preliminaries." I most emphatically do not want to be misconstrued. Therefore, before proceeding, I want to explicitly state that the use of this word does not necessarily imply that the past and present tense of Rodolph's married life will engage in any type of fisticuffing, hair-pulling, or catch-as-catch-can wrestling contest.

Well, here goes the prelude to what, in my mind, would be one of the most interesting encounters in movie and stage history. After I have my say, you are all welcome to think what you please. But, in the improbable event that you disagree with me, I will be mighty glad to have a letter from you giving your opinion as to what would happen in a bout between Jean and Natacha.

Jean Acker, as you know, was Rudy's first wife. "Movie Weekly" recently told you how they could not get any teamwork and so decided to paddle their own canoes. Jean got twelve thousand bucks for fading out of Rudy's picture . . . Later, many months later, while Senor Valentino was making "Blood and Sand," he won the heart of Winifred Hudnut, who called herself Natacha Rambova. There was a marriage in Mexico and some sheriffs, out where the West begins, wanted to cast the dark-eyed tangoist in a new role—that of a bigamist!

Of course they didn't succeed in this attempt because Rudy refused to play the role. And proved, by gum, that he didn't have to. After all the shooting was over, Rudy started some more gunplay by going on a strike at the Famous factory. Refusing to work, he came East to New York, pending a final settlement of his demand for higher wages and shorter hours, in court. With him came the beautiful and subtle Natacha.

At just about this time, Mrs. Rodolph Valentino the first decided to go into vaudeville. Coincidentally, Mrs. Rodolph Valentino the second, already famous in her own right as a beautiful artist, and a young woman of rare charm, is also tempted by the lure of the footlights. So, with the dramatic soup thickening, as it were, we arrive at a moment of crucial conjecture.

Let us pause for a moment and bow our heads in sane and serious thought. This is no moment for rash judgment. In a mob scene it is always best that at least a few keep their coats and hats on.

Will it be swords for two?

Pistols? With a promise of coffee for one and smelling salts for the other?

OR WILL hatpins, stage props, and sundry articles of wearing apparel be called into play? If the meeting degenerates into a hair-pulling contest, I fear for Natacha. You see, she has oodles of luxurious dark brown hair—so much, in fact, that she has to curl it in thick braids over her ears. Jean's hair is bobbed unless it has done some tall growing since I last saw her.

According to what I read on the sporting pages of the papers, it is quite the thing to compare football elevens, baseball teams and pugilists with each other just before contests are staged in order to make accurate predictions as to the winners. Perhaps it would not be out of form to compare Natacha and Jean physically and temperamentally, in order to render the best prophecy possible.

Natacha Rambova is tall—sinuously so—if you know what I mean. Very tall, very graceful and slender. But the lady is far from being delicate, I'll wager. She has a chin that hints of determination and a certain quality of strength. Mrs. Valentino is prettily proportioned for her heighth, but

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Choose Your CAMERA CLOTHES With Care

Says Madge Bellamy

Popular *Screen Beauty Explains* the *Importance of Dress* in a New Instalment of *Her Series*, "The Screen as a *Career for a Girl*"

THE wardrobe should be of primary importance in the plans of any girl who contemplates storming Hollywood with her beauty and talent. I have known but few extra girls who failed to give it consideration; but too often, through ignorance, it has not been chosen wisely, with thought for the purposes it must serve. Many girls arrive here with an outlay of fancy clothes that they find they do not need; yet having spent all their money on evening dresses and folderols, they are unable to procure some articles which they find they do need and which they have neglected to obtain. You will not require a lot of clothes, but what you have must be well chosen, not alone for the parts they will play in your work, but suitable to your own type.

Study yourself and then dress yourself. Don't ape Gloria Swanson, if you are not her type. If you are the little girl type with bobbed hair, don't strive to imitate Pola Negri's foreign allure, for what is picturesque on Miss Negri appears out of place on the average American girl.

Practically all of the studios furnish costumes for historic scenes and where they do not do so you can rent them reasonably. In "Lorna Doone" we had several thousand extras in the various scenes depicting life in the Exmoor villages, and in the court of King James; their costumes, varying from leathern jackets and homespun woollens to fine laces and satins, were furnished by the studio.

"Study yourself and then dress accordingly," says *Miss Bellamy*.

Madge Bellamy being arranged for a wedding scene.

A few of the producers maintain large wardrobe departments and costume their people even in modern clothes, but the majority of them demand that the extras furnish their own clothes, so it will be well to have everything on hand that you may be called upon to wear.

Style is, of course, the first consideration in fashioning your wardrobe. And simplicity must be observed. Avoid ostentation; frills and folderols on street clothes brand your inexperience immediately. What looks well on the home town's Main Street looks woefully countrified in Hollywood, where the people are really very cosmopolitan and up-to-date. Modishness counts. And remember that screen styles change almost overnight with fashion's dictates. Don't fill your trunk with a lot of clothes, for they will go out of style before you can wear them all; save a portion of your dress money for new ones later.

Your clothes should have a certain individual effect without striking a bizarre note. The only way to achieve this indefinite thing called "chic" is to study yourself, your figure, dress simply and let the little individualities speak in the accessories rather than in unusual cut or style. It is needless to remind you that your dresses must hang well and be always well pressed and in the best of condition.

Here is a complete wardrobe for an extra:

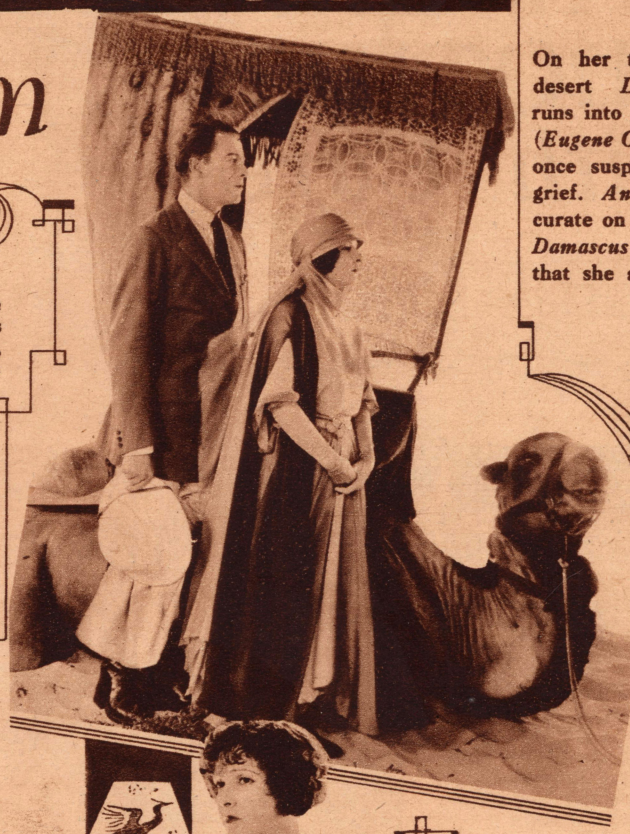
One street suit of good lines, well-tailored and of serviceable material, preferably a dark shade that will not show dust. A small, smart hat, snug face-veil to protect the hair from flying, when going the rounds of the studios looking for work; neat black or dark-brown shoes and hosiery—above all things avoid colored stockings and extremely high-heeled, frivolous-looking slippers—gloves and a beaded, silk or leather purse will carry out the keynote of simplicity in your street costume. A fur

(*Continued on page 28*)

"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET"

presents a wife's problem

Desperate over the repeated insults from her husband, *Lord Leslie* (*Edward Stevens*), who is governor of *Bombay*, *Lady Adrienne* (*Norma Talmadge*) decides to return to *England* and divorce him.



On her trip across the desert *Lady Adrienne* runs into *Andrew Fabian* (*Eugene O'Brien*), who at once suspects her secret grief. *Andrew* is a young curate on a pilgrimage to *Damascus* and he suggests that she accompany him.

In *Damascus*, the muezzin from the *Minaret* calls the faithful to prayer. It awakens in *Adrienne* a sense of marital duty—so difficult to remember now she loves *Andrew*.

A message from her husband, who is said to be dying, turns *Adrienne* back toward *Bombay*. She finds *Lord Leslie* recovered and he again disgraces her.

Aware now that his wife loves another, *Lord Leslie* plots to betray them both into an admission of their love by appearing to poison them. The scheme works.

Nemesis, however, at last overtakes *Lord Leslie* and he dies, leaving his beautiful young wife free to find the love and happiness she is seeking with *Andrew*.

Crusade against Mashers put "The Flirt" over

How the *Argus-eyed* newspapermen were *hoaxed into* giving free publicity to the *screen production* of *Booth Tarkington's* novel, *"The Flirt"*

(*Another surprising instalment of Arthur Leslie's "Confessions of a Movie Press Agent."*)

HA! HA!

Likewise, Ho! Ho!

'Tis too good to keep. So I'm going to spill the beans and let the readers of "Movie Weekly" join in the laugh, at the expense of newspapers all over the United States that were hoaxed into publishing the "Anti-Flirt" crusade as genuine news.

That the general reader enjoys this expose of newspaper asininity is revealed by the scores of letters being received from readers, approving of this series, and in many instances retailing their experiences, how they have been injured by false newspaper reports or by garbled accounts. Seemingly they find pleasure in reading that the newspaper editor's judgment of news is not impeccable. Now, when a press agent puts over a stunt, no one is injured. He simply grabs off gobs of profitable publicity, right under the nose of some Cerberus of the press.

***Eileen Percy,* who played the leading part in *"The Flirt,"* the photoplay that was given wide publicity through a clever exploitation stunt.**

That's exactly what Marc Lachman did.

Lachman baited a trap for the reporters by organizing a league calling themselves "The Anti-Flirt Crusaders."

The newspapers not being aware that Lachman was a press agent who was trying to get the public interested in a forthcoming motion picture entitled "The Flirt," printed everything about the crusade as if it were really and truly news. News stories appeared on front pages of newspapers all over the country. Editorials in all seriousness commended the idea. In some cities jiu-jitsu classes were formed as a protection against mashers. The pictorial sections of the newspapers devoted considerable space to photographs showing the activities of the "Anti-Flirt Crusaders."

The tremendous newspaper attention, naturally, created familiarity with the word "flirt." Special placards bearing the insignia of the society—a lizard pierced with a hat-pin, besides illustrations showing the various methods of flirting, were posted in all cities.

But the organization of the Anti-Flirt Society at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, was really a fine piece of press agentry. Five persons, using the names of the characters out of Booth Tarkington's story of "The Flirt," upon which the motion picture is based, met at the leading New York hotel. They were, in reality, actors whom Lachman had hired and rehearsed in their parts. The horn-berimmed, be-spectacled, wise-looking young men from the New York newspapers attended this meeting and fell for this put-up job.

They rushed back to the newspaper offices and soon the wires were hot with the accounts of the nation-wide movement that had been launched for the extermination of "The Flirt."

Up to this point, not a word had been said of its being a publicity stunt to interest the public in the subject. Then, when the whole country was talking about flirts and flirting, out came the advertisement that "The Flirt," a motion picture, could be seen at such and such a theatre.

I COULD reprint any of the hundreds of clippings, but have chosen the two that follow:

The first is from a two-column article on the front page of *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer,* of Jan. 11, 1923. It reads:

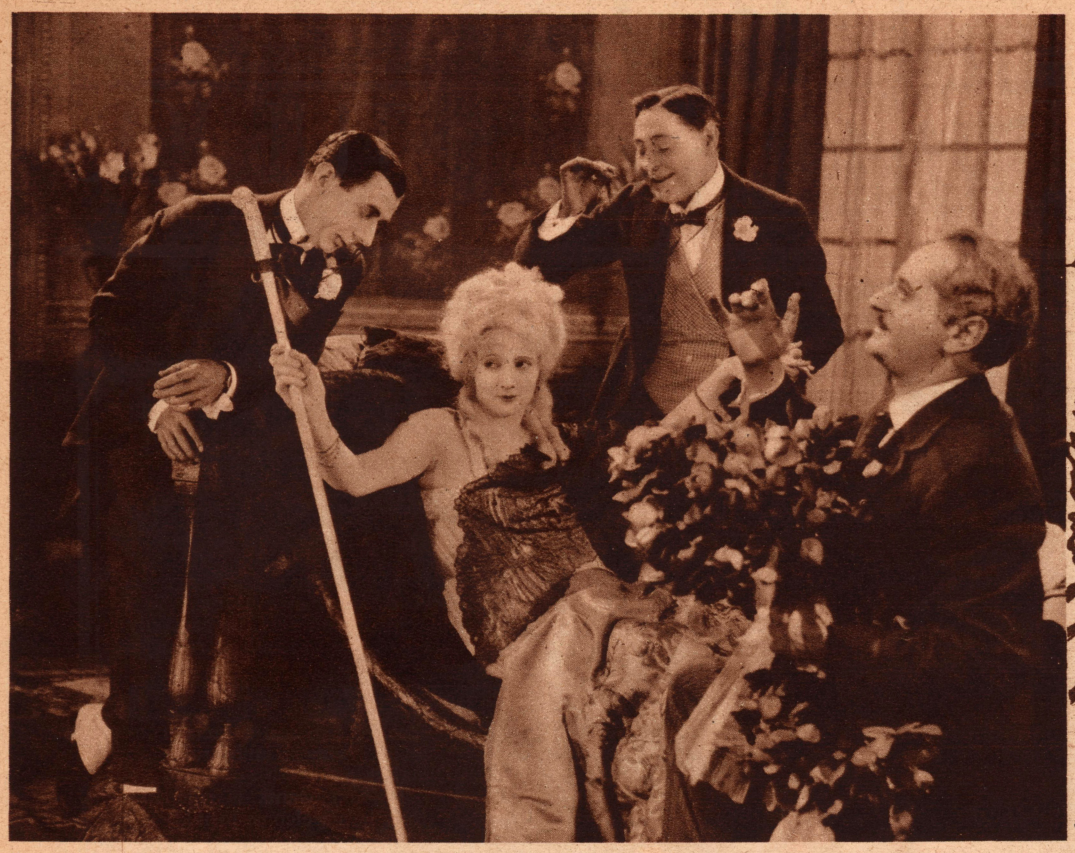
"Anti-Flirt Movement Launched. Women Advocates State Views.

"Nineteen twenty-three—an anti-flirt year! This is the sentiment of many advocates who seek to annihilate the ancient sport of flirting. If they have their way it will be woe to the haberdasheried boys who saunter Second Avenue in search of the thrill of a vivacious eye and the toss of a pretty head, and to the rustic youth, who may be the legitimate prey of a constable should he succumb to the skittish charms of a Maud Muller.

"In demanding that this thing of flirting cease, anti-flirt advocates do not hesitate to lay the blame on Mother Eve. But Eve did not know any better. She had no mother to guide her. However, Miss 1923, they aver, should have learned that flirting does not lead always to the pretty finale pictured by poets.

"Here is what prominent Seattle women think about it: Mrs. J. U'Renn, Recording Secretary of the Washington State Branch of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent—Teacher Association: 'While I have not seen a great deal of flirting on our city streets, I know that the evil is somewhat universal.'

(*Continued on page* 31)



Fate Intervenes

The Fifth Instalment of

"A Darling of the Rich"

Novelized from the

Whitman-Bennett

screen production starring

Betty Blythe

What has happened so far:

MASON LAWRENCE (Leslie Austin), who has just formed a new rubber company, finds himself in danger of being crushed by a business rival, whom he has refused to deal with, and is forced to agree to marry the daughter of his partner, who threatens to withdraw from the company unless his demands are met with. He rescues a woman from drowning and finds her to be the girl he has long pictured in his dreams. Meanwhile his rival,

PEYTON MARTIN (Montague Love), has learned of some plans an old inventor has left to his daughter, and resolves to secure them. He despatches his secretary,

TORRENCE WELSH (Chas. Gerard), to the home of the dead inventor with instrucions to get the plans. Welsh meets the inventor's beautiful daughter and proposes to her. She is on the point of accepting him when she is rescued by Lawrence, whom she loves immediately. When Welsh attempts to force his attentions upon

CHARMION WINSHIP (Betty Blythe), the daughter of the inventor, she leaves the town and makes her way to the city, where she opens an antique shop. Unable to pay her rent at the end of the first month, she is annoyed by the unwelcome attentions thrust upon her by her landlord. She os about to give up the struggle for existence in despair when someone enters the shop who is fated to change the whole course of her life.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

FATE entered in the person, as is customary, of a woman. And as is also customary, she was, for the nonce, unnoticed. Charmion's bright head was bowed down on the small counter, among the curios.

She was tasting the first bitterness of failure. The brutish scene with the landlord had robbed her of her confidence. Heretofore she had been so sure. She had had such valiant ends to gain she had felt that she could not fail. For the first time she had come up against ugliness and some of her courage had been rubbed away.

The strange woman waited for some moments until the tempestuous sobs had died down and then she spoke, quietly, "Pardon . . .!"

Charmion jumped to her feet, dashing the tears away with the back of her hand, child-fashion. "Oh!" she said, "I—I beg your pardon! I—I've had a bad half hour!"

"You will be the reigning toast of the greatest city in the world," the *Princess* told *Charmion.*

The strange woman accepted the chair Charmion offered her and sat down. Charmion liked her face. It had a foreign suggestion. It was reserved and in the rather brooding eyes there was a kindly light. She must be a customer, and yet she did not have the cursory, curious, idling manner of most of the passersby, who, for one reason or another, entered the little shop—and for one reason or another, generally left as they had come in, empty-handed.

Charmion felt that this woman had come into the shop for a purpose. A definite and previously formulated purpose. It must be fore the precious purpose of buying. After all, what else could it be?

"Did you wish to see some of the things?" Charmion's voice was tentative.

The strange woman shook her head and smiled. "I'm rather turning the tables about," she said. "I've come to show you some things instead, if I may."

"Oh, of course!" But Charmion felt the tears of disappointment stinging her eyes again. If this quiet, mysterious woman had come to buy, tomorrow might have been averted; tomorrow and what the bestial landlord had called her "junk" deposited on the sidewalk.

The woman was opening the bag she carried close to her side and she displayed to Charmion curiously carved jewels, strange little caskets of meticulous workmanship, small daggers with crested handles, all manner of rare and priceless things. Charmion knew just enough about them to recognize them as far more valuable than her shop and all it contained put together.

When the woman had displayed the contents of the satchel, she leaned back and regarded Charmion closely from out her narrowed eyes. "Do you know," she said, "why I have come here, to you? Do you in any sense gather my purpose?"

Charmion shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't. I cannot imagine."

"Because you are so beautiful," the strange woman said. "I have these precious things. They need a setting. The setting of your loveliness."

"Still," said Charmion, "still I do not understand."

THE STRANGER leaned across the small counter that separated them, still in attitudes of prospective buyer and seller, and her voice was lowered and mysterious. "I am the Princess Blenkefsky, Russian," she said briefly. "Many of my countrymen are in exile and many more are in poverty. These jewels are all they had. They were useless to those who needed bread and shelter and clothing and medicines. Cash was the necessary thing. They could not sell them in Russia for obvious reasons. They are worth a fortune, several fortunes, but in selling such things as these the way one goes about it is more than half the battle.

"I could offer them for sale quietly and without sensationalism, and I could get a moderate price for them. But . . . I could give them a background, bizarre, atmospheric, gorgeous and sensational and with them and for them I could demand a king's ransom.

"I have heard of you. Never mind how. Once, twice, three times I have passed your shop and have seen you in your incomparable beauty, and each time I have said to myself: 'She is the one . . . she is the one . . . she is the one . . .' But, until today, I didn't quite know what I meant by my own statement. I didn't quite know how to go about it. Now I have it . . . it is for you to say!"

"Yes?" whispered Charmion. "Please . . . please go on. I am interested."

"You, then," said the Princess, "you shall be the Princess Blenkefsky. I shall be your maid, in peasant costume. We shall take for ourselves a large studio. Like a shining web, or like the temple of an odalisque, we will bait the studio with rare hangings and gorgeous rugs. There shall be a dais in the far end of the room, and there you shall reign, more beautiful than ever was the passee enchantress of the Nile, more precious than rubies, more sought after than pearls . . . by the wealth of the city. You shall be the Darling of the Rich. For the rich buy sensations. Sensations are the only things new to them; the only things they have not felt with their fingers, tested with their palates, or heard with their deaf ears. You shall give them just that . . . *sensationalism.*"

"But . . .?" interrupted Charmion, still seeing the project as through a veil dimly, "but . . ."

The Princess Blenkefsky waived the tentative question:

WE SHALL have these Russian curios and jewels on sale," she said, "they shall be carried in each afternoon, when you hold your court, by a Nubian slave, borne royally aloft. The rich men will bid for them; they will bid fabulous, high prices for them. We will make more on each bauble than I could make in the ordinary way on the entire collection. You see now?"

"Will they really *want* them?" Charmion asked. "Will they be interested enough in Russian jewelry to buy it? Or will they be merely philanthropists for the sake of the poor Russian people?"

(*Continued on page* 28)

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WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

A Possible Engagement

Charles de Roche, the French actor, whom Paramount brought over to this country, is already being married off by the gossips. He is seen constantly motoring or dining with Jeanie MacPherson, the scenario writer, and everyone is wondering whether they are engaged.

Miss MacPherson is half French, and this fact, she claims, gives them a great deal in common. Mr. De Roche is much interested in learning all about American novels and plays, and he says Miss MacPherson is a fine teacher.

Too bad that a man can't go out dining with a woman even to learn English without all the gossips wondering whether they are engaged or not!

Mr. Stanlaws Got in Bad!

Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, certainly started something when he criticized the film beauties' charms recently for a motion picture magazine. There was a regular tempest in a teapot over his comments.

"Curiously enough," said he, "it was not the stars who were criticized who were the most displeased, but the stars who were left out of the analysis. I don't think anybody took exception to the story, really, except Mary Miles Minter. Do you know what Mary Pickford said to me, the first time she met me after reading my article? Well, she said this, and she laughed while she said it:

"'Do you think it was you who discovered that my head is too large for my body? Why, I've known it for years!'"

Mr. Stanlaws is taking a trip to London after a short stay in New York. It is possible that he may direct a couple of pictures in Europe, though he plans to be back in Hollywood to take up his directing for Lasky again in June.

A Sea-Going Actor

It was a very fortunate coincidence that gave Raymond McKee his excellent role in "Down to the Sea in Ships," a big superfeature picture.

The story goes back about seven years or so, when Raymond McKee was not nearly so well-known as he is now. It was during one of those times, which all actors experience, when there is no theatrical engagement to be had. Raymond was eating lunch one day with a friend in a lunchroom, discussing prospects, when another man at the same table spoke up. He wanted to know why Raymond didn't go up to New England and ship on a whaling vessel.

Raymond was always of an adventurous disposition, so in the discussion that followed, he became quite enthusiastic about the idea. Consequently he was soon sailing the high seas on a voyage lasting months.

And in that time, what Raymond didn't learn about whales just simply wasn't worth learning.

And that is how he happened to play the leading male role in "Down to the Sea in Ships." That part calls for a man to ship on a whaling vessel, so when Elmer Clifton was casting the picture, he decided it ought to have an actor who had really had experience on a whaling vessel, though it didn't seem possible to find such a combination. And then he heard about Raymond! There was a man to suit the part and a part to suit the man.

So Raymond got the greatest role in his career!

This is *Marie Astaire* of the "*Fighting Blood*" series, but this is not her fighting costume.

Tom Mix's New Hobby

And, speaking of sea-going actors, there's Tom Mix. Tom has just built himself a big motorboat, large enough to go anywhere, and he will take trips up and down the coast in it this summer.

The boat is a spiffy looking craft, with quarters in it for Tom, Mrs. Mix, and Baby Thomasina. There is even a stall for Tony, Tom's horse!

"But maybe Tony won't like sea travel," someone suggested to Tom.

"Well, then," laughed the cowboy, "I suppose we'll have to stay at home."

And now Tom's motto is: "Yo—heave—ho and a bottle of Bevo."

The Trials of a Movie Star

Lon Chaney is enduring tortures for his art. As "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Lon suffers great discomfort; in fact, he can only keep it on for two hours, though it requires four hours for him to put it on.

The make-up in question consists of a heavy lump on his back, a crooked leg, and a facial contortion almost unbearable to maintain.

If Lon wants a role like that, he's welcome to it!

The Poor Little Rich Boy!

It's all very well to be rich, like little Jackie Coogan, but then again, it isn't always so nice. For instance, there's the income tax! Jackie, who has just signed a staggering contract with Metro, will have to pay Uncle Sam $260,720.

Now don't ask Jackie where his money goes!

Food for Thought

Rerelys Perdue has a strange new pet, which she doubtless likes, though most of us would think it was rather peculiar. It is an ant-eater! Imagine supplying food for the little animal—that's a problem to give one food for thought. If you telephone your grocer, "Two pounds of ants, please!" won't he think you're crazy?

Ants are horrid little brutes, but I suppose you'd have to keep a supply on hand if you had an ant-eater around the house.

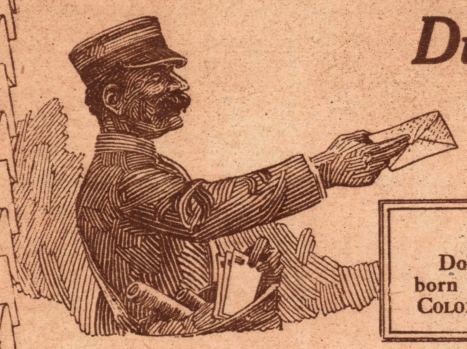
Si, Si, Eddie

Eddie Polo has gone to Spain, via New York, and is going to make a couple of pictures there. Well, we hope none of those Spanish vampires begins to practice up on Eddie.

A French "Trilby"

There have been all kinds of heartburnings in Hollywood for months over who was to play the title role in Richard Walton Tully's production of "Trilby." But now the guessing contest is over. The role is to be played by Andree Lafayette, who is press agented as rance's most famous film actress.

James Young will direct the picture.



Dick Barthelmess Now a Papa

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

SPEED—My, what a patriotic heading your notepaper has! You can reach Blanche Sweet c-o Metro Studios, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Yes, she gave a fine performance in "Quincy." She has not yet announced her next picture and I have no clue as to what it is to be.

ARIZONA DESERT FLOWER—Barbara La Marr was the star of "Trifling Women." Ramon Novarro was the "dream" who played opposite her. Barbara La Marr was discovered by Doug Fairbanks. Her first big part was in "The Prisoner of Zenda." She is 22. Don't be afraid to write me next time, I promise you I won't bite.

NINO MIMADO—Gosh! Gilt edge paper and passionate purple ink 'n' everything. Maurice Costello is now playing in "Glimpses of the Moon." You might try to reach him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. I believe your guess about Valentino is correct.

WINSOME WILLIE — Your questions are every bit as interesting to me as you say my answers are to you. Bebe is 21 and unmarried. Same for Betty Compson. You can write both of them at the Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. You shouldn't be so highbrow when you write to me. I'm not as learned as you think I am.

A MOVIE FAN—So I'm to be judge, am I? Well, hold your breath, Harold Lloyd's both eyes are good. The only results of that explosion was the loss of two fingers. Now—who won the argument, you or the other chap?

PEGGIE, THE FLAPPER—You had better be careful how you throw those invitations around, I might accept one of them and you would have an old man on your hands for a couple of weeks. I suppose you would be asking me questions morning, noon and night. Pat O'Malley is not married. That was his brother, Charles, you saw. He is not acting now. Please tell me the reason for your interest in these two, won't you? Hurray for the flapper, long may she wave!

FRITZ ELBERFELD—Sorry, but I haven't any information about Johnny Walker at hand. You can write to him at the Film Booking Offices, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Last time I heard of Marie Walcamp, was when she was in China. Don't know whether or not she has returned.

GLORIA'S ADMIRER—My my, you sure have got a bad attack, haven't you? Don't blame you one bit, the lady is charming. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago in 1894. Why don't you write her, care of the Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood? I'm sure she would become quite conceited if she knew that she had such an ardent admirer as you are. Her expression is probably more induced by the dramatic feeling of the part she plays than by any personal sorrow.

CONRAD NAGEL ADMIRER—All right, read this and consider yourself enlightened. Conrad Nagel was born in 1896, exact date not given. Agnes Ayres, 1898. The "Cradle Buster" was released through the American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th St., N. Y. Thanks for those kind words, it makes things quite worth while to know that they are appreciated.

CURIOUS—I'll say you are! Lewis Stone is unmarried, so far as I know. He is about 5 ft. 9 in. He lives at 212 S. Wilton Place, Los Angeles. Ramon Novarro says that he is a Mexican, so that ought to settle the dispute. Jesse Lasky is president of Famous. Their studio is at 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Write Alice Terry at Metro Studios, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

A HERKIMERITE — What's that, may I ask? Is it something good to eat? We had a picture of Valentino on the centre pages on March 4, 1922. You can reach him care of Arthur Butler Graham, 25 West 43rd St., New York. Bull Montana is Italian. Cheer up, you will soon see Pola Negri on the art page.

PICKLED BEES-KNEES—My, you're quite an oddity, aren't you? You're going to see that I keep right on the job, aren't you? Bebe Daniels has blue eyes and is not married yet. I don't know why. I do know that if I had half a chance—well! She gets her mail at Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Write again when you get some more paper.

A. B. J.—Come, come, I'm afraid you're lazy. You only used up one side of your pretty notepaper, when you might have easily used all four sides. You must do better. Yes, that was Stuart Holmes in the "Four Horsemen." Miss Dupont was "Mrs. Hughes" in "Foolish Wives."

TIMMY—Your sentiments are very fine. It is a noble thing for the fans to remember those who have passed on but who, while here, brought joy and amusement to their many admirers. Such people are all too soon forgotten, whether in the film game or any other, and it is indeed a good feeling to know that some fans still remember. Really can't say anything about those two star's salaries. Valentino probably was right, however.

J. H. P.—The Paramount studio is located at 6th and Pierce Aves. I'll bet I know someone who is going to travel out that way looking to take away Valentino's place. The "tailorette" with Charles Ray was Ethel Grandin.

FAN FROM COW HOLLOW—I have looked all over my Atlas for Cow Hollow and I failed to find it. Please forgive my ignorance and inform me as to just where this place may be, won't you? Ramon Novarro is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall. Valentino has not yet announced his intentions for the future. There is a rumor about that he is to go into vaudeville to do a dancing act, but it is unconfirmed. Novarro's next picture will be "Passion Vine" and I think it will bring him more admirers than ever.

BLUE EYES—Bing! Another heart lost to a handsome movie actor. You sure have got good taste when you pick out Vernon Steele to fall in love with. His next picture will be "Danger Point," in which he appears better looking than ever. If you will write him at the Film Booking Offices, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. I am sure he would send you his picture.

THE WISE CRACKER CLUB (*Green Eyes*)—Yes, I am good-looking and I own a car, that is, when I can induce it to run. Come around some time and bring some of those hugs and kisses with you. (*Rodolph's Fan*)—S'matter, have you got an attack of indigestion or sum'p'n? You seem to be sore to everybody except a very select few. Don't forget that while these may be your favorites, someone else has other ideas and idolize those whom you do not care for. (*Wallie Fan*)—Yes, the sad news about Wallie is true. No, Dick's name is not spelled "right," it is spelled Barthelmess. Rodolph's plans are still unsettled, but it is expected that he will announce his future program very soon. Viola Dana is 24. (*Original Nut*)—You're not so awfully original, there are plenty more of your tribe around New York. Where do the actors and actresses walk, you want to know? Why, on their two feet! Maybe you didn't know they had any such things. (*To the Club*)—You girls sure did make your letter most interesting. I hope that next time you will each write a four-page letter.

DOLLY H.—Another new friend, and a "dolly" at that. I must be careful or your sawdust might come out. Don't ever again hesitate to write to me; I assure you I won't bite or even growl. Helene Chadwick's latest is "Gimme"; write her at 4428 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Kick Barthelmess has brown hair and eyes and is 5 ft. 7 in. He is married to Mary Hay and they have just announced the arrival of a baby girl. Katherine MacDonald is divorced from Malcolm Strauss. 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, is her address. Betty Ross Clarke has not made any pictures for some time, and none have been announced yet for the future.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE—Speaking of temperatures, I imagine yours was rather high when you penned that epistle to me. There was nothing sensational about Bill Hart's divorce, it was just like many thousands of others. I haven't the least idea where Betty Compson got the street costume she wore in the crook's apartment in "Kick In." Maybe the crook stole it for her from somewhere. Thos. H. Ince can be addressed at Culver City, Cal.

VALENTINO'S DEVOTED—I'm going to tell Rody on you for calling me "Sugar Plum" in your letter. I'm sore at Rody, anyway. I had a real nice girl and was planning to marry her when she saw Rodolph in the pictures one day and "gave me the air." You can't expect me to love a guy like that, can you? Thomas Meighan gets his mail at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal. Now that I've answered all your questions, don't forget to send along the kiss you promised, if you can spare one for me instead of giving them all to Rody.

PEGGY—Back again, are you? I'll bet you used up all that barrel of good wishes I sent you and you want some more. All right, here they are. Kenneth Harlan gets his mail at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. Jack Holt says that he is over twenty and that is enough for anybody to know about it. Write him at Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Milton Sills at 1320 Crescent Heights Blvd., Hollywood. Art Acord at Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Harrison Ford is about 29. You can annoy him by mail, care of M. J. Johnston, 206 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles. Dick Barthelmess, at Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Claire Windsor is 25. I can see that there is going to be some heavy letter writing done.

LOIS BROWNING—I hope teacher didn't catch you writing that letter to me. What would she do to you if she did? Make you stay in after school? Monte Blue has brown eyes. He was born in Indianapolis, Ind., and is fond of light athletic sports like football and soccer and so forth.

Sincerely yours
The Colonel

Ross and Teddy come to blows

Jessica discovers *Molly* wearing her locket.

The Eighth Instalment of

"The Cowboy and the Lady"

From the Paramount screen version of the novel by

Clyde Fitch

Novelized by

Margaret MacIvor-Tyndall

What has happened so far:

JESSICA WESTON (Mary Miles Minter), forces her husband to accompany her on a trip to her ranch in Wyoming with the intention of making a man of him. She meets and falls in love with a neghboring ranch owner,

TEDDY NORTH (Tom Moore), a tenderfoot and dude, who reciprocates her love, but is in despair at finding her married. They plan a picnic to which all the neighboring ranch hands are invited. Jessica and Ted fall behind the others and Jessica, in a spirit of mischief, dares North to follow her up the dangerous upper trail. Teddy, unable to restrain her, is terrified to see her disappear over the edge of the precipice. He rescues her, and together they are about to make their way toward Jessica's ranch, when she slips on a mossy rock and sprains her ankle.

FRED WESTON (Robert Schable), who has pleaded a headache as his excuse for not going with the party, has planned to carry his orgies even into Jessica's ranch house. As soon as the party is out of sight, he has planned to go to town to see

MOLLY QUINN (Viora Daniel) the pretty proprietress of the town bar, with whom Weston has carried on a flirtation, begun on his first day in town.

THEY reached the other side in safety. From this side of the ravine, the forked trail over which the party had taken the lower path, could be reached, but the distance was several miles and Jessica could not walk.

In the meantime, back at the ranch, Weston had scarcely waited until the picnic party had started, to order the flivver. Mike brought it and Weston steamed toward Red Gulch—and Molly.

Molly had been very cold of late. Weston was not the rich and generous lover she had anticipated. And Ross was getting unmanageable in his jealous fury. Molly had about concluded that the game was not worth the candle.

Weston's interest was only whetted by Molly's indifference, and he was determined to hold her at any cost.

He entered the back room of the Little Totem Bar with a light step. Molly greeted him petulantly and he made haste to hang the gift he had brought around her bare throat. Her pleased "Oh, you dear man!" as she threw her arms around his neck, rewarded him.

"Come on home with me," pleaded Weston. "Everybody is away on a picnic trip to Jackson's. They'll be gone for a couple of days."

Molly hesitated, remembering Ross and his vicious temper. But in the end she yielded to his pleadings and early evening found her in Jessica's chintz-hung dining-room, eating a dinner of delicious fried chicken, hot tea-biscuits, honey and lemon ice, with "Jessica's city husband," as the cowboys called Fred Weston.

Bottles of Hennessey's Three-Star and others of sparkling soda dotted the dining table and lent a festive air to the occasion.

WESTON affected the drink beloved of our English cousins—brandy and——. It afforded mute testimony (though at times not so mute) that he was familiar with London clubs.

Just now Weston's condition could best be described in cowboy language: He was "full to the gills."

That is why he did not hear the sound of horses' hoofs as the returned picnic party rounded the crest of the foothills and swung into the road leading to the ranch.

But Molly's ears, quickened by fear of Ross's anger should he find her in Weston's company, detected the sound and her intuition told her what it was. Something had happened, and they were returning! She lifted a corner of the shade and looked out across the stretch of level prairie. Ross's bulky form was silhouetted against the purple darkness of the sky line, with menacing distinctness.

"They're coming back. They're almost here!" she cried excitedly. "I'm off!" and she fled to the corral, where she bribed Sandy to lend her a horse and saddle to take her back to Red Gulch.

But Weston's befogged mind did not take in the significance of her words or her flight, until the picnickers, headed by Ross, filed into the room.

Ross's face was purple with anger and his hand sought the butt of his pistol as his eyes swept the littered dining table and took in the significance of the vacant chair. He knew Molly had been there and wondered where she was now, but he dared not say anything.

Weston managed to get to his feet.

"Mrs. Weston has met with an accident," North was saying to him, "and I think Midge had better stay and help you take care of her."

Weston made no move in Jessica's direction, nor did he look at her.

Shifting on unsteady feet, his bleared eyes fixed themselves on Teddy with an insolent stare. "An accident!" he sneered. "How lucky for you! You're quite a hero—rescuing ladies in distress!" He laughed uproariously.

North faced him with blazing eyes and clenched fists. "You cur!" he said to him. "You are not fit to live! I could kill you as I would a vicious dog——"

An agonized moan from Jessica silenced him.

THE restaurant of the "Little Totem" was "dec'rated to beat the band," as Colorado Pete remarked admiringly. Anyone surveying the display of red, white, blue, green and yellow bunting, the profusion of wildflowers and the incandescence, would have agreed with Pete. The kaleidoscopic blending of color screamed just a few tones louder than did the "Red Gulch Brass Band," which was blaring forth a medley of national airs loud enough to be heard, as Pete boasted "clean to Shy-anne."

The festivities had been arranged in honor of Midge and Joe, whose engagement had at last been duly and officially announced. A more picturesque gathering it would be hard to find. Everybody in the county was there and every conceivable style of costume was represented. Many of the cowboys clung to their regulation regalia—the plaid shirt, topped off with a flaming bandanna, the chaps of white, black, or sickly yellow, and the hob-nailed boots. Others affected the more modern khaki. There was a sprinkling of full-dress suits, some of the latest models, worn by "gentlemen-cowboy" ranchers, and some of the gentlemen guests appeared in the more informal tuxedo. There were present the county officials and their families in "every day" attire, and there were pretty girls a plenty, most of them dressed strictly a la mode.

The Brent girls, from the "O—T" ranch, had a bevy of pretty girls visiting them. These filled two autos—happy, laughing young things they were—all in fluffy evening gowns, their silver or gold satin slippers contrasting oddly with the clanking spurs of those of the cowboys who could not be persuaded to dispense with them, even on the occasion of this big event.

Midge was resplendent in a lovely new gown of sheerest white organdie—a gift from Jessica. Her impishly pretty face was flushed with excitement, and she toyed nervously with the ends of her blue ribbon sash. By her side stood Joe—his countenance a study as he stammered a "Thank ya" to the congratulations of the guests.

Happiness and embarrassment struggled for control of his honest features. No amount of persuasion could induce Joe to don anything even approximating "a dude's" attire—not even a "biled shirt." Joe "figgered" that the boss could sustain the social prestige of the ranch without any assistance from him, although he didn't put it in exactly those words.

So, when he had relinquished the spurs and the hob-nailed boots, and garbed himself in a brand

(*Continued on page 30*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

WHAT LOVE SCENE DID YOU LIKE BEST? AND WHY?

Everyone has a favorite picture—a picture that told the love story of his or her life. We would like to know what they are. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

When my husband died, I was very lonely, and after a few years I took a little girl to live with me. Later, because of my poor health, I realized I had done a very unwise thing. I did not feel as though I could place her in an orphan asylum, and no one wanted her, therefore she remained with me. I did not know what to do.

One afternoon I attended the movies. I think the name of the play was "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." When I saw all those dear little motherless children without homes and the love that should belong to every child, I decided that it was my duty to adopt the child permanently and give her the best love and care possible and not think of self, although I have been obliged to go without many things in order to feed and clothe her.

It takes all my strength to care for her, but each day I feel repaid when I see how happy she is and how much she loves me.

MRS. I. J. DE GRAFF.

A Closeup of Ethel Clayton

In view of the fact that most of the magazines are deluged with long and tiresome "press notices" of the erstwhile Polish actress—La Negri—and her debut on our shores, I want to tell you of one or two little incidents which took place recently during a transatlantic voyage on the *Aquitania*.

It was a great surprise one day, while walking on deck, to see Miss Ethel Clayton, with her mother and brother on either side of her, quietly "getting the air," and let me add that a more lady-like person could not be found than Miss Clayton proved herself to be. There were many times when she could have turned the spotlight on herself, but she seemed to prefer sitting unobtrusively with her mother, reading or writing; and possibly only those who, like myself, were seasoned movie fans, recognized her. I want to tell you of the incident which inspired this letter.

It is one of the established customs on board ship for the passengers (aided by the officers, etc.) to give a benefit performance for the Seamen's or Sailors' Home in Liverpool. This is usually held in the Second Cabin section of the steamer, because of the larger if not so exclusive uarters, and, of course, the presence of the first cabin passengers, many of whom are wealthy and distinguished, is, although greatly desired, usually a missing quality. However, it was with a certain thrill that I saw Miss Clayton, accompanied by her mother, enter quietly, without any dazzling display of jewels, and sit attentively through what to me—and more certainly to them—was a tiresome, amateurish musical program. And it must have been a relief when finally the "collection" was levied and the audience, mostly second cabin passengers, took their departure—in fact, many did not hesitate to leave long before this occasion.

So I have had a deep personal regard for Miss Clayton ever since, which was heightened on our arrival in New York, where I had every opportunity to observe her actions during the trying ordeal with the Custom Officials. You should have seen Ethel walking up and down the length of the docks examining trunks, looking for her own. Even as you and I.

I am inclined to believe many stars would have adopted the ever-present "Holier-Than-Thou" attitude and retired long before from the gaze of the public.

Yours as an enthusiast for "real people," of which Ethel Clayton is one!

ELINOR BOYLE MCCONNELL.

A "First-Nighter" Reports

There is one peculiarity that the screen has bred, and that is the fan-who-must-see-the-stars-in-person. Well, I'm one.

If you're a Manhattanite, you've most likely seen us attending film and stage openings. We are a sort of synthetic first-nighters, so to speak. It's great fun, really, to stand around the lobby and watch the famous strut by.

"I've got a bell-hopping postion," says *Baby Peggy*.

You see your favorites "close up," and often have a chance to hear them speak. One is dazzled, for instance, by Hope Hampton's innumerable jewels, or, perhaps, by Pearl White's chinchilla coat, or again, one may go into ecstacies by seeing the charmingly aloof Julia Hoyt arrive—tardily, as usual. The lovely Julia is invariably last, though not least.

I remember one of the Actors' Equity benefits at the Metropolitan Opera House. Every star, both stage and screen, who was anyone—and lots who weren't—were there. And, of course, all of us star-gazers were furtively draped around the stage door. We were getting an eyeful, too. In fact, Jane Cowl spoke to me! Ah, that silver voice. What did she say? Well, to be painfully frank, it was: "Would you mind getting out of my way?" Incidentally, Miss Cowl is one of the most beautiful young women on the stage, and it is a source of much wonder to me why she doesn't resume her picture career. Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies appeared that night, too. Norma looked as unobtrusively lovely as ever, and Marion looked as gorgeous as her admirers would have her, despite a few freckles.

Speaking of Marion, brings to mind the opening of "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—and Pola Negri. That was the night that Pola "stole the show." I can never forget that vision of that ivory skin, the coal black hair, and the red, red lips. And her necklace with the diamond ornament which looks for all the world like a saucer encrusted with diamonds! Yet Marion Davies ran La Negri a close second for exciting general interest, despite her newly bobbed tresses, the becomingness of which is in dispute. "Knighthood" also enticed Alice Joyce. You remember how lovely Alice was in her Vitagraph days, don't you? Well, she's twice as lovely now. And they say that she is lost to the screen! May Allison, another old timer, showed up with her husband and a noticeable gain in weight. And Flora Finch, without, however, any additional loveliness, or weight, or even a husband. And yet, I'd rather watch Miss Finch than a good many better looking ladies!

Haven't bored you, have I? Consider this as just the ravings of one of those fans fan—atical.

G. T. R.

Praise for "Omar the Tentmaker"

The joy of having seen "Omar the Tentmaker" makes me humbly turn to this column to sing praises for the beautiful production that Richard Walton Tully, his splendid cast and assistants, have made of it. From criticisms I received the impression that it was merely an ordinary movie. How unjust that is!

I have just seen it and I believe the public will name it among the best pictures of the year. Seldom has a picture combined such beautiful scenery and settings without becoming exotic. Despite its Oriental story and setting, no effort has been made to turn it into a stepchild to "The Sheik."

Guy Bates Post makes a splendid Omar, while Virginia Brown Faire shows pathos and intelligent understanding in the role of Shireen. Nigel de Bruliere, Noah Beery, Douglas Gerard and Maurice B. Flynn, each, in his way, adds to the worthiness of the whole; and that whole deserves all the praise we can offer.

We may tear the movies into shreds with our discussions, or send them into the lower regions with our scorn, but as long as there is hope for more pictures like "Omar" and others, which in the past have delighted our eyes, the picture world's hold on our affections is, verily, as strong and unmovable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

MARY E. DREYMAN.

He Solves His Life Problem in Rhyme

I was the very sort of chap
We see in "Grandma's Boy."
I always was afraid to fight,
To me, it was no joy.

But Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy"
Has proved an inspiration
It gave me grit and courage
To face the whole "darn nation."

It shows that Mind rules Body,
We can be just what we will!
A coward or a hero
It's Mind that rules us still.

I always shall be grateful
And recall that night with joy;
It changed my life completely,
When I saw "Grandma's Boy."

DONALD A. GRANT.

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS! . . . We Hear. That Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay. Have been blessed by the gods. With an infant daughter. Who will journey through life. To her appointed end. Under the name. Of Mary Hay Barthelmess. The circumstances attending. This tiny girl's entry. Into this Valley of Tribulation. Are similar, they say. To those attending the birth of a certain illustrious Roman. We think this is a rare distinction. For when Caesar was born. Astrologers said. A new star appeared in the sky. Will history repeat itself? A screen star, we mean. She has advantages.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. Not so long ago. Was reported by the press. To be about to purchase. Georgian Court. The beautiful estate. Of George J. Gould. At Lakewood. A place of sunken gardens. And all the magnificence. That dollars can create. And that is considerable. But the affable Douglas. Has denied the rumor. Stating he had no intention. Of buying Georgian Court. Which is all very well. But might not Douglas. Have thanked the newspapers. For the compliment?

KATHERINE MACDONALD. Has made the statement. That the comediennes of the screen. The feminine laugh-makers. Are foreordained brunettes. Citing, for example. Mabel Normand. And others we've forgotten. Who peculiarly excelled. In extracting mirth. From movie audiences. Miss MacDonald went even so far. As virtually to say. That the blonde's chances. For becoming a screen star. Were something similar to the proverbial snowball's. Well! We have laughed heartily at some screen comediennes. But we have never laughed more heartily. Than we did. One night last winter. At the Riviera Theatre in Chicago. When we saw Constance Talmadge. In "Polly of the Follies." And Constance is a blonde!

THE GARDEN OF EDEN. Has been filmed. It is said. By some enterprising producers. Who in translating. The engaging story of Creation. To the screen. Used the country of Mesopotamia. The possible location. Of the actual place. Military protection, it was found. Was necessary in filming some of the scenes. To protect the actors from the votaries of Mahomet. Well! If the producers of the picture. In their yen for realism. And desire to leave nothing to the imagination. Should tell the story. As we first heard it when a very small boy. There would certainly be occasion for calling in not the military. But the police.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. Has at last decided. to remain in obscurity. So far as acting is concerned. To heed the public behest. That he not offend its better taste. By presenting his person. Upon the screen. And so Roscoe. Has given up all hope of acting again. And has become a director. Of comedies. So! We wonder. If Roscoe behind the camera. Will communicate his mirthful spirit. To the actors in front of it. There is a thought here. We wonder.

EDWARD HORTON. The young farceur. Has a picture called. "A Front Page Story." Which is soon to be released. By Vitagraph. A good picture, too, they say. Made humorously entertaining. By the drolleries of its principal player. Well! We remember Edward Horton. In 1909. When he was a student at Columbia. And played the part of a very tough girl. In a Varsity show. That was written by Kenneth Webb. The well-known director. And we recall predicting that Edward would succeed. If he ever decided to go on the stage. Well, well, well! How time passes!

MARION DAVIES. A staff member tells us. Journeys to far-off Brooklyn. Every morning. In a luxurious limousine. To continue work. On "Little Old New York." Which the company is making. In a Brooklyn armory. During the ride to Brooklyn. In the aforesaid limousine. Miss Davies occupies her time. In making up for her part. An ambulatory dressing room! Well, this is nothing new. For we have frequently observed. Divers young women. Making up their faces. Not in limousines, either. But in street cars and subways.

MOVIE ADMISSIONS. It seems to us. Are susceptible of reduction. Which is another way of saying. The prices are altogether too blank high. And should be lowered. If this were done. The appalling salaries. So utterly out of all economic proportion. That are paid to stars. Would not be possible. Nor the nightmare of waste. That invariably prevails. While "On Location." Hum! We are thinking of the little shop girl. Whose sole enjoyment is the movies. To whom it makes a difference whether she pays fifty cents or twenty-five cents. Thirty cents or fifteen cents. Yes! Movie admission should come down.

OUT IN EVANSTON. Chicago's principal suburb. And centre of wealth. Two candidates for public office. Are running on a Sunday movie platform. While two more candidates are making their bid for public favor. And public office. Through opposition. To Sunday movies. Why, we wonder. Do folks oppose Sunday movies. Isn't the movie theatre. A better place. All things considered. For the young girl and boy. To pass a Sunday afternoon. Than a street corner? Somehow, it reminds us. Of the Puritans. Who frowned upon bear-baiting. Not, mind you. Because it was a cruelty to the bear. But because. It gave its audience. Pleasure.

THE OTHER DAY. A man came in to see us. Brother to a celebrated publicity man. And he said: I have read your paper from cover to cover. I have made a study of it. I know it as well as you do. There is just one thing. Wrong with it. One thing only that prevents it from having a circulation of—untold numbers. And that is—that it doesn't sell for ten cents. Well, we stared back at him. We were frankly puzzled. But, we corrected. It *does* sell for ten cents. Oh! our caller exclaimed hollowly. Is that so? I thought it was fifteen!

Penniless at 21—Movie Magnate at 25

(*Continued from page* 12)

time, my furlough was drawing to an end, and I wrote to Pyle telling him that I was still in the army. He was angry because I had not informed him of my enlistment before, and to placate him I went to Washington, obtained an audience with the Adjutant General, and by explaining that I was ambitious, now had a good job and would lose it if I had to return to the army, obtained an extension of my furlough until the end of the period of my service.

"Meantime I was learning. I had discovered that we could not sell our pictures as cheaply as the other companies, and that theatres could not afford to increase admission prices when our pictures were shown. On the other hand, if the exhibitor could show a Famous Players feature once a week, he could adopt our idea as part of his policy and his audiences would expect to pay and would pay the increased admission price once a week. In other words, when I returned to New York, I advised Zukor to make fifty-two pictures a year and to sell not one film, but the entire program, on a yearly basis to each theatre. He gasped, and demanded where I expected to find fifty-two stars and fifty good stories. But I replied that we could use the stars more than once and that the world was full of good stories.

"For several months we discussed the idea and finally a schedule of thirty pictures for the first year was adopted. We made three kinds of pictures, Class A, in which such stars as Mrs. Fiske, Arnold Daly, Bruce McRae and other stage stars appeared; Class B, in which numerous well-known film stars of other companies were to play; and Class C, just pictures. Into Class B we put a little girl of great ability, but not then known, Mary Pickford, paying her $300 a week. And we sold the idea in advance, raising $100,000 with which to go ahead on production.

"But a totally unforeseen state of affairs arose. The famous stage stars sometimes made money for the theatres, and sometimes lost. Mary Pickford's pictures sold like wildfire. Those of another little actress, Marguerite Clarke, were also big sellers. But we were selling the pictures outright, and as Mary Pickford's fan letters increased and her fame spread, she demanded salary increases with each picture, while our outright sales over the country remained at the same figure. In other words, as the stars increased in popularity and we were forced to pay them more money, our profits decreased. The stars were eating up our business.

"I wanted to dispose of the films on a percentage basis, but the exchange men to whom we were selling the films outright refused to agree. In the dispute which followed, I left Famous Players and formed my own company, Alco Films, the father of the present Metro Film Corporation.

"Later, however, Famous Players came to an agreement with the exchange men and I was asked to return. I disposed of my Alco holdings and went back, to sell pictures now on their merits, instead of as units in a program. The first result of this new policy was that Famous Players sold Mary Pickford's pictures for $300,000 instead of the $60,000 we had formerly received."

HERE ends the story of Al Lichtman's struggles for progress in the business end of the industry. For five years he remained General Manager of Famous Players. When, at last, he resigned, to form his own company, he turned down several offers of $100,000 annually from other established concerns.

"Preferred Pictures, the trade name under which we now operate, has been in business six months," he added. "Two of our pictures have been placed on the list of exceptional films by the Committee for Better Films. These were 'Shadows' and 'The Hero.' We have as good stars as any company in the business, we turn out as good pictures. And we are all young and energetic."

Youth and energy. These two elements have contributed to Al Lichtman's success. His story proves that America is still the Land of Opportunity for the young man who wills himself to succeed.

A Darling of the Rich

(*Continued from page 22*)

The Princess Blenkefsky laughed. She leaned over and patted Charmion's hand. She seemed to like her.

"Baby!" she mocked, kindly. "They will be just what I have told you—seekers of sensation! They will come to the studio of the Princess Blenkefsky to gaze upon her incomparable beauty. They will come to the studio of the famous Princess Blenkefsky in the hope of some slight, particular favor, some look from your eyes, some straying touch of your hand. That is what they will come for. That is what they will be willing, aye, glad, to pay for. They will buy the jewels and other things merely as the purchase price of their admittance. There is always a purchase price. The rich expect it. It will be worth it to them. They will be getting their money's worth, and more than their money's worth, and if they do not feel so, they will not come again and again and so will not be cheated.

"Now and again, when one of the baubles is bid for at a higher price than usual; very occasionally when some one man pays some price extraordinary, not for the jewel, mind you, but to gain an added favor in your eyes, you will reward him with a tiny kiss . . . no more! Never any more! For a part of the value of the whole will be the impeccability of you! You will be beyond reproach! You will be clad in a mystery of imperial purple! You will wear the garments of illusion! No man will dare profane them. I, as your maid and companion, shall be always with you. You will be quite safe. And you will make money! You will be the reigning toast of the greatest city in the world!"

CHARMION listened now with dilated eyes. Her heart beat faster. At first it had seemed impossible, some fairy tale, incongruously told her on this late afternoon. She had felt with a shaken inward laugh that for little Charmion Winship of Sandy Point, Long Island, to step suddenly into the imperial role of a Russian Princess, was too far a call, but, as the actual Princess talked to her, the pageantry of the part, of the scene, unfolded itself before her.

Her father had often told her, with a wistful bitterness, that he feared his inventions didn't succeed because they didn't fool the people; they were authentic. He had been right. People liked to be fooled. They liked to be *beautifully* fooled. It sounded strange, and yet Charmion knew that the Russian woman was right; the rich men of the city, the idle predatory rich men, would delicately enjoy the sensation of a beautiful Russian Princess in this country for the noble and exalted purpose of selling jewels for the benefit of her unfortunate countrymen. It would give them quite a fillip.

Charmion could see herself, aloof and unapproachable, on a raised dais in the studio. She could envision the actual Princess beside her in the garb of the Russian peasant. She could imagine the faces of the very rich pressing about her, yet, of necessity, always at a distance. And then . . . like a sword cleaving through the crowd, she could imagine the face of the man who had kissed her on the sand dunes. The man she couldn't forget. The man she would *never* forget. She could imagine his face, his eyes upon her, peering through her disguise, finding the whole thing tawdry. She could imagine his voice saying to her, "You're only a false face, take it off!"

And then, disturbingly, came a relative picture of Aunt Jane, pinched by too-long a fight with poverty; Fred, going his careless, endangered way, the tap-tap of the baby's patient crutch across the rugless floors.

That was enough.

Charmion sat suddenly erect. She had come to New York to *succeed*. So long as she did it without absolute sacrifice of principle, she had been determined to do it. She had tried to use what marketable knowledge she possessed in a fair, legitimate way. She had failed. Some people had time to fail and begin again, fail and then begin a second and third time. But she didn't. She didn't have the time. Conditions in the little home at Sandy Point permitted of no dalliance. After all, this was fair enough. Fairness in business consisted in giving people what they wanted in return for what they wanted to pay. Well . . .

Charmion leaned across to the Russian Princess and held out her hand: "Honestly," she said, in the frank way that made her not only beautiful but beloved; "honestly, I don't quite understand it all. I don't know how you found me, or how it came to be *me*. I don't know where all the initial money is coming from to start this scheme. But, as you probably know, I have got to have money, a lot of money, and have it quickly. I'll agree."

THE NEXT fortnight was a frantic one for Charmion and the Princess.

They had the studio to locate. It had to be long and spacious, so that when Charmion held court at one end of it, the raised dais could command an imposing view. It had to be hung in royal colors and furnished with couches and low chairs, censors and tapestries. They were to cater to the wealth of New York. They had to be as authentic as they could.

Charmion marvelled at the ingenuity used by the Russian Princess. She had always suspected royalty of mental deficiency, but not so with the Princess Blenkefsky.

By the end of the fortnight they were not only established in their studio, but the Sunday papers and most of the dailies had held page-long stories of the gorgeously beautiful, the unutterably magnificent Russian Princess who had honored New York with her presence for the laudable purpose of selling jewels for her countrymen. Interviewers sought the Princess out for their various magazines. The Sunday supplements carried photographs of her in her native headdress and costume. A sort of delirium swept the city and centered about the beautiful feet of the beautiful Princess Blenkefsky.

Charmion had improved in many ways upon their original plan. She pointed out to the actual Princess that merely being a beauty and monotonously selling curios could not last long. "We will be a fad," she said, "and fads die early deaths. We must adopt different roles. We must so stage our effects that the men who come to us will never know what they are going to see from one time to another. There have always been beauties. But there have seldom been a hundred beauties in one."

The Russian Princess looked puzzled and amused. "What are you contriving in that altogether too beautiful head of yours?" she asked. She added, "Ah, but you Americans are the canny money-makers! Such schemes! Such projects! Such commercialism!"

I THINK," Charmion said, "that it would be a good plan if I were to impersonate at different times different famous beauties of the past. For instance, one afternoon I shall be simply myself, the Princess Blenkefsky. On another afternoon I shall be Cleopatra, clad as Cleopatra was clad; on another afternoon I shall be DuBarry, on still another I shall be Madame Maintenon and so on and so on. I know the histories of these famous beauties. I know their modes of dress. I have read their memoirs and biographies, so that I can get into the character of each one of them. It will vary the monotony of the Princess Blenkefsky who, however exotic and beautiful, would not long be novelty, sensation. You see, this change of role now and again will give the men something to think about and it will make more perfect my own disguise . . ."

The actual Princess looked at Charmion with a smile. "There is someone, is there not," she asked, "whom you do not want to recognize you?"

"There is Someone," admitted Charmion, "whom I *do* want to recognize me, more than I want anything in life, but I want him to recognize *me*, not the glittering odalisque of masks."

"I know . . . I know . . .," the strange Russian Princess patted Charmion's hand with one of her rare outbreaks of homely sincerity, then she added, "But are you sure these men will recognize the different women you will impersonate? Will they know what it is all about?"

Charmion laughed. Her new sophistication touched her with irony.

"Men always recognize courtesans," she said.

(*Continued next week*)

Mrs. Wallace Reid Wages War on DOPE

(*Continued from page 5*)

traffic, and in spite of all the tragedy which surrounds its usage, you can buy it on Main Street just as easily as you can on Broadway, or in a den of the underworld.

Look at Wally Reid, for example. He was not a man of the underworld. Out in the golden sunshine of California, he lived an open and clean life in a beautiful home that success built for him. Around him he had gathered his wife and children and his friends. It was into such a man's life that the new white plague stalked, first as a stimulant for worn-out nerves . . . until it got to be his food and drink . . . his elixir of death!

MOVIE WEEKLY believes that the dope problem is one that concerns every thinking man and woman in the country. Because it believes in the final and lofty purposes which the idealists of the silver screen seek to achieve, this magazine is proud to be the first film publication to herald the fact that the pictures are now being looked to as a practical medium through which the dope evil may be smashed.

If Mrs. Wallace Reid gives to the world a human film document of the tragedy of dope, I am sure that all mankind will owe her and the pictures an eternal debt of gratitude.

Stepmother's Ghost Cheats Actress of Inheritance

(*Continued from page 13*)

who, himself, had just been divorced by his first wife. Mr. Mack lasted for three years, and then Pauline got her second divorce, 1920. She lived in single blessedness for the next two years, but she finally said "I will" once more and became the wife of a girlhood suitor, Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford, of Seattle. Dr. Rutherford had nursed an apparently hopeless love for half a lifetime, but his devotion was not marriage-proof, and he lasted only 10 months.

Miss Frederick says that she is fighting the will because she does not believe that it expresses her father's real wish. She says the enmity of the dead woman was an "undue influence" over the old man. If Mrs. Libby were alive and needed the money, Pauline says she would drop her suit. She does not feel, however, that she ought to sympathize with the relatives by marriage who are the legatees as named.

"Have you any special plans as to what you will do with the $30,000 if you get it?" asked the interviewer.

"I don't want the money," said Pauline. "I don't need it, and I won't keep it. I'll found a home for indigent alley cats, maybe, but I'm going to prove the inheritance is mine."

"That ghost doesn't worry you any?" ventured the caller.

"Nothing worries me," said Pauline, "except foolish questions and the young men who ask them."

"Good evening, madam," said the young man hastily.

Screen Yearns for Plain Women, Says Movie Chief

(*Continued from page 7*)

can't act, and a homely girl who can, we want the homely girl every time. We believe that the public does, too."

"Do you," we interrupted, "know of such a combination?"

"I believe that Pola Negri has 'got it,'" said Mr. Rowland. "She isn't merely beautiful. But she's fascinating. She's foreign, which means strange, and strangeness always appeals when it isn't a pose, and she can act, *act, ACT!*

"I believe that we are entering upon a new era in pictures.

"Things are changing all around, and I am optimist enough to believe that the change is for the better. The public has grown discriminating. And it is the public who rules the film world.

"The public is the thing. Next in order come the director and the story.

Her First Story Was Bought By D. W. Griffith

And she won the $2,500 first prize against 10,000 scenarios in the J. Parker Read contest

FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH trained herself to transfer her natural story-telling gift to the screen. Will you send for a free test of *your* ability?

When Frances White Elijah first thought of screen writing, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright after a few months of diligent study.

And what reason had she to think she would write the following in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation less than a year after taking up this work.

> *"I have just received your check in payment for my story, 'Wagered Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith.*
>
> *"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic."*

Think what that means: Her *first* story sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the film world. And she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Stimulated by her brilliant success, this Chicago girl developed herself into a professional screen writer for a great Los Angeles studio. Today she enjoys success as a scenarist and the distinction of having written the best of 10,000 scenarios submitted in the recent J. Parker Read contest, in which two other Palmer trained writers won the second and third prizes.

What does this story mean to you? If it causes you to ask yourself "Could *I* sell a story to Griffith—or Ince—or any of the producers?," this will prove the most interesting announcement you ever read.

$1000 and Royalties

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will pay $1000 cash *and royalties on the profits of the picture* for five years to the Palmer trained writers of stories selected for production by their own Production Division. Thus, for the first time, writers may share in the *proceeds* of their successful work as *stage* playwrights and book authors do. This plan is endorsed and authorized by the Palmer Advisory Council, the members of which are:

Frederick Palmer, Author and Educator

Thos H. Ince, Producer
Rex Ingram, Director and Producer
Allen Holubar, Producer and Director
C. Gardner Sullivan, Scenarist to Thos. H Ince
E. J. Banks, M.A. Director of Research Sacred Films, Inc.
J. L. Frothingham, Producer
Rob Wagner, Screen Authority
James R. Quirk, Editor, Photoplay Magazine

Educational Staff Officers

Clayton Hamilton, M.A. Director of Education
Eugene B. Lewis, Editor-in-Chief
Duglas Z. Doty, Associate Edtor
Geo. Elwood Jenks, Associate Editor

FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH

Perhaps You Can Do This Very Thing

AT the outset, let us correct one false notion many people have. Literary skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be successfully transferred to the screen. The first requisites of photoplay writing are creative imagination and the ability to think out and tell a good, dramatic story. With that ability proved, *any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say, how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability, provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

Send for the Palmer Test

This test was developed by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation through the adaptation of some of the tests used by the United States Army. If you have any story-telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture theatre, "I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this test and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell to contemporary producers as well as to supply its own Productions Division with story material (see offer elsewhere in this announcement). It holds out no false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of leading producrs, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to develop the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers pay from $500 to $2000 for acceptable stories.

The Story Teller's Opportunity

THE same producer who bought Frances White Elijah's first story has rejected the work of scores of novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken. They did not possess the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Elijah, who was absolutely unknown to the motion picture industry, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

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The Cowboy and the Lady

(Continued from page 2)

new pair of khaki trousers, which he wore outside his polished "cowhides," put on his cherished plaid shirt and tied a purple and yellow kerchief about his clean-shaven neck, Joe felt that he had done all that ought to be required of him. And as Midge seemed more than satisfied with his appearance, nothing else mattered. Midge was gazing up at his six feet of sturdy manhood with adoring eyes, when a stir and a few spasmodic titters from the assembled multitude arrested their attention.

THEY looked toward the front door of the "Little Totem." Teddy North, owner of the "Double V" ranch, stood in the doorway, immaculate in the latest model of what is correct in gentlemen's full dress, as turned out by a Fifth Avenue tailor. What had given rise to the only half-suppressed titters was the unique addition which Teddy had made to the regulation full dress. Out of deference to Joe, Teddy had put on, over his evening clothes, a pair of snow white chaps, and had tied, just below his wing collar, a hectic colored bandanna. His efforts to appear at ease in this sartorial triumph were painful, and brought forth a loud laugh from Fred Weston as he and Jessica, alighting from the flivver in which Ross had driven them down to the party, caught a glimpse of North through the open door.

"Your hero looks like a comic valentine," Weston sneered.

Jessica flushed, but did not reply. Ross came to Teddy's defense, not because he bore the owner of the "Double V" any good-will, but because he longed to "take the starch out of that ornery cuss, Weston."

"Wal, I reckon Mr. North wants to please Joe by bein' a cowboy," he volunteered, as they entered the dance hall.

Weston made straight for the bar, behind which stood Molly, dispensing drinks and smiles with remunerative impartiality. At sight of Weston, with Ross at his heels, Molly beat a hasty retreat for her own rooms at the end of the long room. Both men were glowering at her and Molly decided that she had better "watch her step," as she had been warned to do by Ross. After all, Ross was a bird in the hand, and Weston was very much in the bush.

As Molly made her way to the back of the room, she encountered Jessica. Jessica nodded her head in a formal greeting. As she did so, her eyes were attracted by the flash and sparkle of the locket that hung from a slender chain around Molly's full white throat.

Something vaguely familiar about the trinket arrested her attention. She looked at it more closely, a slow indignation rising within her as she realized the truth. It was her own property. She had missed it only that morning. Instantly her mind compassed exactly what had happened. Weston had stolen the trinket to give to Molly, who undoubtedly knew nothing of how he had secured it—otherwise she would not have worn it openly in Jessica's presence.

Stifling an impulse to denounce Weston and claim the locket, Jessica moved on, and entered the room which had been set aside as a general dressing room.

"Oh, what shall I do!" she cried, the words forcing themselves from between her close-set lips.

"Jessica! What is wrong?" She turned, to face Teddy North. "I came in through the other door," he explained, "and didn't see you until you spoke. I wanted to remove these things," he pointed to the heavy chaps lying in a heap on the floor. "I—I never could get used to them," he said apologetically, his frank face flushing.

"Can I help you?" he asked earnestly. He came close to where Jessica stood, but he did not offer to touch her and Jessica was grateful. She felt that she must quite lose her self-control if anyone became sympathetic toward her.

SHE SHOOK her head in answer to his question. "No, but I thank you just the same," she said.

"I have not seen you since the accident. Is your foot quite well?" North's tone was as casual as that of any friend, and Jessica, in her heart, thanked him for it. It helped her to recover her poise.

"Oh, yes, it was only a slight sprain and Midge looked after me faithfully," she told him.

"By the way—I have something that belongs to you." Teddy took from his coat pocket a small ivory-handled revolver and offered it to her. "It dropped from the pocket of your riding coat that day and I picked it up. I forgot to give it to you at the time."

Jessica took the revolver, mechanically turning it over in her hand. Then she put it on a corner of the table, beside her wrap. "I'll take it home with me when I go," she said wearily. "I think I had better join the others now." She smiled bravely and held out her hand to North. He took it and raised it to his lips for a moment with a hint of old-world courtesy. Jessica walked out to where the others were dancing.

A wildly hilarious gathering it was. A group of cowboys had made a cordon around old Colonel Taylor, who was "showing 'em how they used to whoop-it-up" when he was a boy. In spite of his ninety-odd years, the old man was dancing with reckless enthusiasm. His performance was greeted with boisterous applause and cries of "Whoop it up, pard!"

Jessica turned away. Their absorbing pleasure seemed to mock the pain in her heart. She walked out onto the porch. Weston was standing in the shadow of the doorway smoking a cigar. He was awaiting a chance to get into Molly's apartments unobserved. Seeing Jessica, he tried to slink out of sight, but Jessica faced him with rising anger.

"So, you have fallen to the level of a common thief!" she said, her voice vibrant with scorn. "I did not know a man could be so low as to steal his wife's jewels to give to his mistress."

Weston winced. Why had he not told Molly not to wear the locket on this one occasion at least! He pulled himself together. "Well, I don't know that you have anything on me," he remarked brazenly. "You managed to get yourself lost with that saphead, North, and I guess we are quits. You've got your lover and——" the rest of the sentence died on his lips.

Teddy North had come out from the dressing room and stood rooted to the spot, hearing Weston's insults to his wife. Now he sprang forward, flaming anger distorting his usually smiling countenance. His fingers closed convulsively on Weston's throat. Weston staggered back, his clenched fist seeking futilely for a chance to jab into North's face, but Teddy's fingers were shutting off his breath in an ever-tightening grip. An inarticulate cry escaped from his lips.

Jessica came quickly forward. "Oh, don't! Please, please, don't!" she cried, clasping North's arm. "Don't make a scene!" she pleaded.

Teddy's fingers loosed their hold, and Weston straightened, his face purpling. North glared at him, white with suppressed rage. "If you ever dare insult this lady again," he said, with quiet vehemence, "I'll kill you!"

Weston made no reply. He readjusted his clothing with shaky fingers, smoothed his rumpled hair and slunk away in the direction of Molly's apartments.

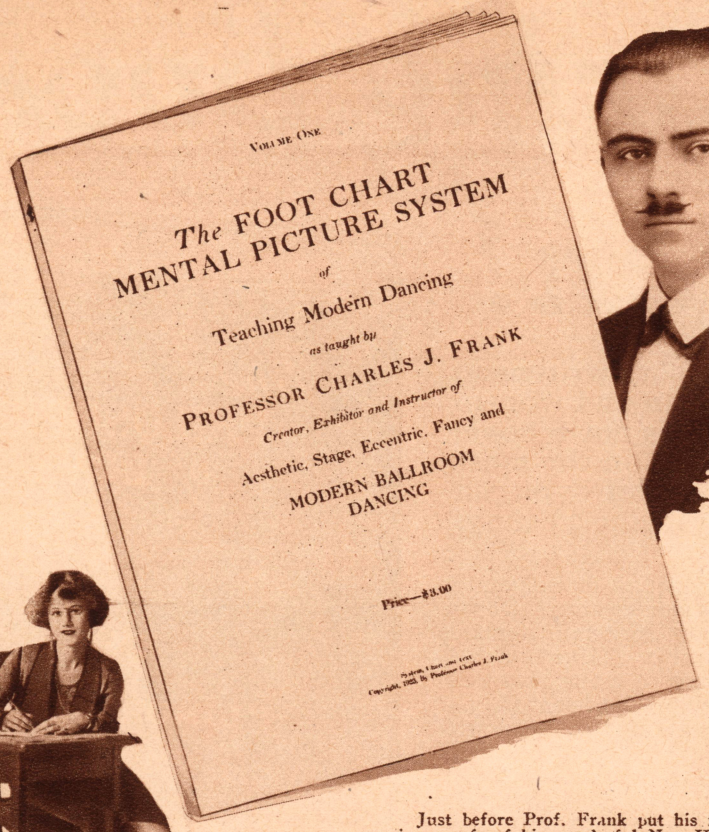
"It does not matter, Mr. North, really," Jessica held out her hand and Teddy took it silently. "I—I thank you!" she finished almost inaudibly, and left him. North stood looking after her for some minutes, then he lit a cigarette, letting the flame die out between his set lips, as he gazed up at the limpid clearness of the prairie sky.

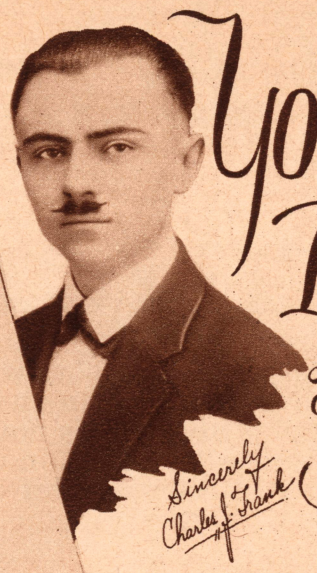
Out of the shadows crept two figures. They stood talking in excited whispers. Midge and Joe had been sitting in a dark corner on the far edge of the porch, and had witnessed the swift-moving events that had come so close to being a tragedy.

"The boss oughta've killed the skunk!" commented Joe, but Midge, out of her uncanny foresight, felt troubled.

"Oh, dear!" she wailed, wringing her hands, "suppose the boss should get into trouble. Suppose——" Midge's eyes were wide with horror as she visualized a possible trouble for Teddy North.

(*Continued next week*)





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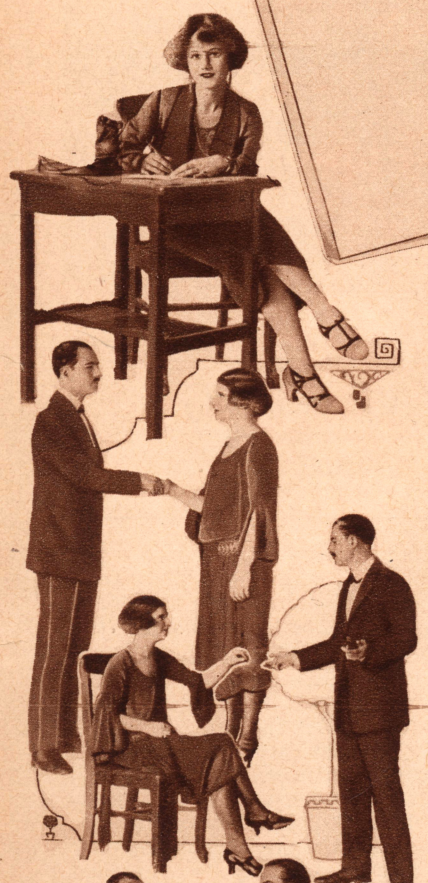

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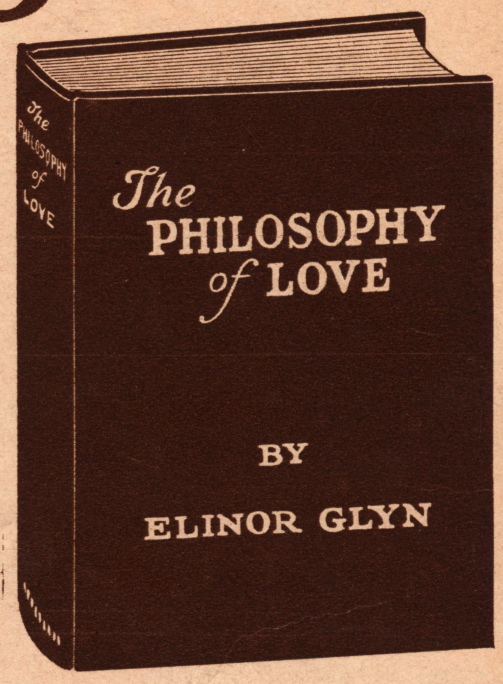

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